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## Essays.

### HINTS FOR THE PROGRESS MEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The following extracts are taken from a work reviewed by us a year since, in the *Literary World*, Vol. ii. No. 32, p. 137:—

"No constitution results from deliberation; the rights of the people are never written, or never except as simple declarations of pre-existing rights not written, of which nothing more can be said, than that they exist because they exist."

"Although written laws are only the declarations of pre-existing rights, yet it does not follow that all these rights can be written. There is always, in every constitution, something which cannot be written, and which must be left in a dark and venerable cloud, under pain of overturning the state."

"The more is written, the weaker the constitution. The reason is obvious. Laws are only declarations of rights, and rights are only declared when they are attacked; so that the multiplicity of written constitutional laws only evinces the number of shocks, and the danger of destruction. The most vigorous and flourishing institution of profane antiquity was that of Lacedæmon, where nothing was written."

"There never has existed a free nation which had not, in its natural constitution, germs of liberty as old as itself; and no nation has ever successfully attempted to develop, by its fundamental written laws, other rights than those which existed in its natural constitution."

"No assembly of men can give existence to a nation. An attempt of this kind ought even to be ranked among the most memorable acts of folly."

"According to PLATO, 'the man who is wholly indebted to writing for his instruction, will only possess the appearance of wisdom.' The word, he adds, is to writing, what the man is to his portrait. The productions of the pencil present themselves to our eyes as living things; but if we interrogate them, they maintain a dignified silence.† It is the same with writing, which knows not what to say to one man, nor what to conceal from another. If you attack it or insult it without a cause, it cannot defend itself; for its author is never present to sustain it.‡ So that he who imagines himself capable of establishing, clearly and permanently, one single doctrine, by writing alone, is a GREAT BLOCK-HEAD.¶ If he really possessed the true germs of truth, he would not indulge the thought, that with a little black liquid and a pen, he could cause them to germinate in the world, defend them from the inclemency of the season, and communicate to them the necessary efficacy."

\* Our own American Revolution was rather a severance of political power—a division of an empire, than a fundamental overthrow of the body politic.—Ed. L. W.

† Δοξάζουσιν γεγονότες ἀντὶ σφώων.—Plat. in Phædr. Opp. tom. x. Edit. Bipont, p. 381.

‡ Σεινός πῦρο εἰγῶ.—Ibid. p. 382.

§ Τοῦ παρὸς δεῖ δεινὰ βοηθῶν.—Ibid. p. 382.

¶ Πολλὰς δὲ εἰρησίας γίμει.—Ibid. p. 382. Word for word, he is surfeited with folly. Let everybody, in our country, take care that this species of plethora does not become endemic.

‡ Ἐν ἑστέρι μέλανι διὰ καλαμοῦ.—Plat. in Phædr. Opp. tom. x. Edit. Bipont, p. 384.

As for the man who undertakes to write laws or civil constitutions,\* and who fancies that, because he has written them, he is able to give them adequate evidence and stability, whoever he may be, a private man or legislator,† he disgraces himself, whether we say it or not;‡ for he has proved thereby that he is equally ignorant of the nature of inspiration and delirium, right and wrong, good and evil. Now, this ignorance is a reproach, though the entire mass of the vulgar should unite in its praise."§

It is lamentable to see excellent minds taking such immense pains to prove by infancy that manhood is an abuse. "NOTHING GREAT HAS GREAT BEGINNINGS," and any institution, adult at birth, would be the grossest of absurdities, a true logical contradiction. "There will not be found in the history of all ages a single exception to this law. *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*, is the immortal device of every great institution; and hence it is that every false institution writes much, because it feels its weakness, and seeks support. From the truth just expressed, follows the unalterable consequence, that no institution, truly great and real, could be founded on a written law, since the men themselves, the successive instruments of its establishment, know not what it will become, and since *insensible growth* is the true sign of durability, in every possible order of things."

"All human institutions are subjected to the same rule, and all are equally null or dangerous, unless they repose on the foundation of all existence. This principle being incontestable, what shall we think of a generation, which has cast all to the winds, even to the foundations of the social edifice, by rendering education purely scientific? It was impossible to be deceived in a manner more dreadful; for every system of education that does not rest upon religion, as its basis, will fall in a trice, or will only diffuse poison through the state; religion being, as Bacon has well said, *the aromatic which prevents science from becoming corrupt*."

"Not only does it not belong to man to create institutions, but it does not appear that his power, unassisted, extends even to change for the better institutions already established. If there is anything evident for man, it is the existence in the universe of two opposing forces, which are in continual conflict. There is nothing good, that evil does not sully or alter; there is no evil, that goodness does not repress and attack, by impelling continually all existence towards a more perfect state. These two forces are everywhere present: we behold them equally in the vegetation of plants, in the generation of animals, in the formation of languages, and of empires (two things inseparable), etc. Human power extends only perhaps to removing or combating the evil, in order to disengage the good, and restore to it the power of developing itself according to its nature. The celebrated Zanotti has said, *It is difficult to alter things for the better*. This thought contains much sound sense, under the guise of extreme simplicity. It accords perfectly with another thought of Origen, which is alone worth a volume. *Nothing, says he, can be changed for the better*

\* Νόμους τιθεῖς, σύγγραμμα πολιτικὸν γράφων.—Ibid. p. 386.

† Ἰδίᾳ ἢ δημοσίᾳ.—Ibid.

‡ Εἴτε τις φησὶν, εἴτε μή.—Ibid.

§ Οὐκ ἐκφύγει τῇ ἀληθείᾳ μὴ οὐκ ἐκινεῖσθαι εἶναι, οὐδέ ἂν ὁ πᾶς ὄχλος αὐτὸ ἐκινεῖται.—Ibid. pp. 386, 387.

among men, without God. All men have a consciousness of this truth, without being in a state to explain it to themselves. Hence that instinctive aversion, in every good mind, to innovations. The word *reform*, in itself, and previous to all examination, will be always suspected by wisdom, and the experience of every age justifies this sort of instinct. We know too well what has been the fruit of the most beautiful speculations of this kind."

Some of these notions are worth pondering upon at the present time, when crude minds are all agog by the scenes of turmoil existing in Europe. We said in our last number that philosophers made indifferent statesmen, when they attempted to carry the schemes and reveries of their study into actual life. We have no hesitation in adding, that we have had no faith in the present French revolution from its very inception, on account of the number of savants employed upon the joint work of reform—with but one Poet (Lamartine) to balance them! The Reader smiles—but there is no more practical man than your poet, when he deals with practical things. A watchful jealousy of the unreal and the imaginative in his own mind, makes him even over-cautious that every step of progress in great affairs shall be based upon facts, and guided by experience. Not so with the Philosopher. The business of his life is to deal with facts of a certain kind; but, forgetting that his facts, in the abstract, may be absurdities in their application, and (unlike the poet) divorced by the severe character of his researches after truth, from the flesh and blood sympathies of the masses, he comes to his task as a reformer, not to prune abuses, to develop latent good, or to train existent excellence, but to impinge political doctrines, and stretch the body politic upon some Procrustean bed of system, fashioned in his own study. Mrs. Shelley's man-monster is the nearest approach to an actual Republican ever made by one of these fellows! Liberty is a thing of growth, not of creation; Law is a matter of training, not of intellectual conviction! More than this! No persuasion of the excellence of Fourierism would necessarily make a good Fourierite. A man may believe Socialism a capital thing, and like to see it flourish, but it no more follows that he would make a good Socialist, than it does that he would make a good shoemaker, because he admires the useful art, and is familiar with its technology. Can you not conceive a Russian having a great admiration for our institutions, and determining that his children shall be brought up among them, yet feeling the while that he himself (from political habits and associations stronger than conviction) were unfit to reside here with any comfort to himself? When we learn to believe in man as a mere intellect, we will believe in the sudden radical regeneration of social and political life in France. Her progress is now towards a despotism—and so, with frequent fluctuations perhaps, it will continue, until the despotism is established. Then will commence the process of amelioration; for the freest social structures grow up and

mature best under the strongest governments. When these new social institutions attain maturity, the government under which they were reared may crumble of itself, or exist only as a form; while society, upheld by its interior social organization, confirmed by the trained habits of generations, may sustain itself as a Republic, more free and harmonious than any the world has yet seen.

Let us not be misunderstood in these remarks. We are of the number of those who believe in the "Let-alone" principle as the great desideratum of government—free government. But that principle is the crown of political manhood—not the toy of political children as most of the Europeans are. As yet they must be controlled somewhere, either socially or governmentally—and to attempt both social and political reform in their present condition, with neither the sentiment of religion nor the confirmed usages of reason to establish them anywhere, is like the blockhead who would take up half of Archimedes' idea of heaving the earth without the desired  $\pi\sigma\omega$  of the philosopher; or to seek a more familiar image, like that worthy, who proposed to carry himself round the world by the waistband of his trousers.

### Reviews.

*Eureka*: A Prose Poem. By Edgar A. Poe. George P. Putnam, New York. 1848. pp. 143.

This is a strange work—a very strange work, and will excite quite a sensation in certain circles, both at home and abroad. It presents a two-fold appearance—as a poem, and as a work of science. It is only as the former, the author tells us, he would wish his work to be judged after he is dead;—leaving us at liberty, as it may be inferred, to judge of it as the latter so long as he shall still be on earth to see that it has fair play. In both respects much might be said both for and against various portions of *Eureka*, but except an occasional allusion, we shall let the Poetry take care of itself, and confine our remarks to the work in so far as it purports to be Truth—Scientific, Metaphysical, or Theological.

The book opens, after the introduction, with an extract from a letter purporting to have been found in a bottle floating on the *Mare tenebrarum*, an ocean "but little frequented in modern days unless by the Transcendentalists and some other divers for crotchets." Now it is singular that with the sensible and supreme contempt expressed by Mr. Poe for the Transcendentalists, he should have gone to the Shadowy Sea, frequented but by them, for a defence of the principle on which his whole discovery rests. This letter is a keen burlesque on the Aristotelian and Baconian methods of ascertaining truth, both of which the writer ridicules and despises, and pours forth his rhapsodical ecstasies in glorification of the third mode—the noble art of *guessing*. Now we have nothing to say against guessing in scientific matters. It certainly has antiquity and universality in its favor, especially as regards the formation of Cosmogonies, and our witty correspondent from the "Sea of Shadows," so far from making any new discovery, has only been advocating what has ever been more or less the practice all the world over, being always in highest vogue where ignorance and barbarism most prevailed. All the nonsense put forth by Hindoos, Scandinavians, Greeks, Romans, North American Indians, and Negroes, to say nothing of the philosophers

and poets, has been the result of this ancient and noble art of guessing, and surely they all had as much right to guess as Mr. Poe. It must be granted, however, that *guessing* is as good a plan as any other,—provided it *hits*; but in order to tell whether it hits or not, we are compelled to resort to that slow and troublesome process called "demonstration," a plan much derided by those who excel rather in wit than wisdom. We hope that on some of his subsequent excursions to the Ocean of Shadows, Mr. Poe may find another bottle which may enable him to *guess* his *demonstrations* also. That would be something *new*.

As we have already said, we think a guess as good as anything else, provided it *hits*. The question is: does Mr. Poe's guess hit? We think that partly it does, and partly it does not. And here we can do nothing but indicate the *results* of our reflection on the theories propounded by Mr. Poe. To argue the point would require a volume far larger than *Eureka*. The great point of the Discovery claimed by Mr. Poe, is his mode of accounting for the principle of the Newtonian Law of Gravity. This may be stated in general terms as follows: The Attraction of Gravitation, which acts with a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distances, is but the reaction of the original act of creation, which was effected by irradiating the atoms of which the universe is composed from one centre of unity, with a force directly proportional to the squares of the distances (reaction being action conversed), and that this was the mode of distributing the original matter is shown on geometrical principles. The development of electricity, and the formation of stars and suns, luminous and non-luminous, moons and planets with their rings, &c., is deduced, very much according to the nebular theory of La Place, from the principle propounded above.\* In this, and perhaps in some other parts, such as the scheme for the final destruction of the Universe, the guess seems to *hit*, or at least comes apparently near the mark. Kepler's laws, it is well known, were guessed, and have been received as true, not because the principle of those laws was demonstrated by him or by anybody else, but merely because observed and known facts all agreed with them. And Mr. Poe's *guess* is in some parts substantiated by the *same kind and the same degree of proof as the other*,—that is, *perfect harmony with all ascertained facts*. So far as this can be shown, his theory must and will stand. Where it fails, his guess will return to the Sea of Shadows from whence it came.

In many respects it would be very easy to show a close correspondence between this theory and the Mosaic account. It would require no more ingenuity than has been already displayed by the geologists in accommodating Scripture to their Science. But there are several points which Mr. Poe discusses in which he reminds us of his own forcible account of a certain class of philosophers who, like himself, draw largely on the Ocean of Shadows. "There are people, I am aware,

\* Further than this, Mr. Poe's claim that he can account for the existence of all organized beings—man included—merely from those principles on which the origin and present appearance of suns and worlds, are explained, must be set down as mere bald assertion, without a particle of evidence. In other words, we should term it *arrant fudge*, were it not for a shrewd suspicion which haunts us, that the whole essay is nothing more nor less than an elaborate quiz upon some of the wild speculations of the day—a scientific hoax of the higher order which few men are capable of executing more cleverly than the ingenious author of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Descent into the Maelstrom," &c., &c.

who, busying themselves in attempts at the unattainable, acquire very easily, by dint of the jargon they emit, among those thinkers—that—they—think with whom darkness and depth are synonymous, a kind of cuttle-fish reputation for profundity; but the finest quality of thought is its self-cognisance;—and to judge by the accuracy of the description, Mr. Poe possesses this "finest quality of thought" in a high degree of perfection. If further proof of this be needed, look at the system of Pantheism which is more or less inwoven into the texture of the whole book, but displays itself most broadly at the end. Yet the whole is most absurdly inconsistent. On pp. 28, 29, Mr. Poe speaks of "God" and "the Godhead" as a Christian or a deist might speak—as being One. On p. 103 he has the "hardihood" to assert that we have a right to infer that there are an infinity of universes (!) such as ours, of which "Each exists, apart and independently, in the bosom of its proper and particular god." This makes Mr. Poe a polytheist—a believer in an infinite number of *proper and particular* gods, existing *apart and independently*. On page 141 it appears that this infinity of gods is forgotten, and Mr. Poe cannot conceive "that anything exists *greater than his own soul*;" he feels "intense overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought; he asserts that this feeling is superior to any demonstration;" and that each soul is therefore "*its own god, its own creator*." All this is extraordinary nonsense, if not blasphemy; and it may very possibly be *both*. Nay we have Mr. Poe's own authority for saying so—authority which seems to be "divine" with him. After all these contradictory propoundings concerning "God" we would remind him of what he lays down on page 28. "Of this Godhead, in itself, he alone is not imbecile—he alone is not impious, who propounds—*nothing*." A man who thus conclusively convicts himself of imbecility and impiety needs no further refutation.

To conclude our brief and imperfect notice of this strange and in many respects original production, we should say that much of its physical portion may be true,—and we commend this particularly to the attention of scientific men. Its Metaphysical part, including ideas about the Spiritual portion of the universe, its being "Repulsion" while matter is "Attraction," whereas nevertheless Electricity is the Spiritual principle, and "Attraction and repulsion" (taken together), and "Matter" are convertible terms:—all this, we say, with much more of the same sort, is simply unintelligible, and smacks of the cuttle-fish. The Theological portion is intolerable. Mr. Poe has guessed. In some respect we may grant that we also "guess so." In others we most decidedly "guess *not*." We agree with him, that when his "theory has been corrected, reduced, sifted, cleared little by little, of its chaff of inconsistency—until at length there stands apparent an unincumbered *Consistency*," it will be acknowledged "to be an absolute and unquestionable *Truth*;" but in this case, we opine, the sifters will discover an original, ingenious, profound, and abundant quantity of chaff.

*Grantley Manor*. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of "Ellen Middleton." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street.

EVERYBODY knows Walpole's sneering improvement upon Sir Walter Raleigh's sorrow—



ful remark on the value of history. Gay, that wise utilitarian, no doubt thought Walpole's appreciation of novels the true one when he proposed lying all day on a sofa to read them.

And after all, unless one has a taste for hunting and natural history, or is absorbed in squaring the circle, or owns a yacht, or a curicle, or is suitably placed, as the thirsty-hearted Burns desired to be, "upon the regimen of loving a fine woman"—life offers nothing better than a good novel, to all except politicians and the presidents of progress societies. And why should not it be so? We take up the thing as an acknowledged sham, and it proves to be full of realities, while almost everything else we take in life as reality turns out to be sham!—even moneyed operations, the nearest approaches to reality in real life, being half the time in our days but the competition of one humbug with another humbug. The world's awakening sense to all this, with the despairing perception that there is nothing true in its walks but poverty and death, has unquestionably stirred up Carlyle's forcible preaching of Faith, and while giving birth to the whole school of transcendentalists, turns so many materialists into good Catholics. Blessed then be the fiction-mongers.

The tale before us is exceedingly well conceived to awaken interest. Of two sisters, by a double marriage,—one of them is bred up as a Roman Catholic, in Italy, and turns out to be a genius and an improvisatrice. There she is beloved by a young Irishman of frank, whose father has sworn to disinherit him if he marries a Roman Catholic. He visits England, becomes acquainted with Margaret, the Protestant half-sister of his beloved Ginevra, and a strong brotherly affection supervenes on his part, while Margaret, unknowing of the attachment formed to her sister in Italy, falls violently in love with her conditional brother-in-law.

A strikingly-dramatic state of things is thus produced, in the portrayal of which the author shows equal vividness and power. The following extract describes the hero of the story.

#### A CHARACTER.

"To describe Edmund Neville (not phrenologically, but in common plain language) is what must now be attempted, although it is a matter of some difficulty to find the exact terms in which to do so. He was rather short and very slight; but yet his muscular and perfectly symmetrical figure conveyed a notion of remarkable activity and strength. His head was small, and particularly well set on his shoulders; there was that singularly grave and refined manliness about his attitudes which brings to mind the portraits of Vandyke. His hair was very dark but not black, and his complexion at once pale and healthy. His eyes were very fine, but it would not have been easy to define their expression; eagerness was their chief characteristic, and this peculiarity contrasted strangely with the general languor and carelessness of his manner. His eyes were fine, they seemed to read into your soul, but they did not allow you to read into his. His manner combined a winning, childlike ease with a more than ordinary self-possession. His lips were thin, and the lines round his well-formed mouth indicated a fixity of purpose, scarcely consisting with the apparent indolence of his character. It was like his hand, which, soft and white as it was, had the strength of a steel spring, and could break at once a bough which Colonel Leslie and Mr. Thornton had vainly attempted to bend. In the smallest occurrences of life he practised a strength of volition which it was very difficult to withstand. He obliged Mrs. Thornton to

ground her cat in red instead of blue, Mrs. Dalton to give the village children an extra holiday, Margaret to weave heath instead of ivy in her hair, Walter to read out loud a pamphlet on the Corn-laws instead of an essay on Ecclesiology, and he was even known to carry a certain point with old Mr. Sydney about his plantation: a certain bank was planted with beeches instead of firs at his suggestion, although in the first instance the lord of Heron Castle had treated the proposal with unqualified contempt. There was something nearly irresistible in the child-like earnestness with which he pursued his object; there was something so *caressant* (no English word will do here) in his way of urging it: if the subject was a trifle, it seemed so ill-natured to oppose him; if it was of consequence, his whole heart seemed so set upon it; and thus he made his way, and had his way with every one, and every one liked him even better than they owned; and though Colonel Leslie sneered at the way in which others spoiled 'that young Neville,' he too was always glad to see him, would turn out of his way to join him in his walks, and he put off a party which had long been projected to St. Wulstan's Abbey, because Edmund, poor fellow, had a headache, and could not go with them."

This Ned Neville, with all his winningness, is, however, a pretty sad fellow, as the two sisters find out to their cost. Ginevra is an exquisite vision of a woman, a being of poetry and sensibility, with a firmness of principle which nothing can shake; while Margaret is described as a warm-hearted, generous English girl, devotedly attached to her gifted sister. The following scene brings all of these three parties together; it is original yet natural, and displays a peculiar kind of power.

"The dinner-bell rang before she had finished dressing, and as she was hurrying down stairs, she passed Edmund Neville and Mr. Warren, who were speaking eagerly to each other, without noticing her approach. The latter was talking very fast, and she only distinguished these words: 'It had occurred to me before, and all I can say is, that you can reckon on me, and the sooner you go the better.' Margaret took her place at dinner between Walter and the clergyman of the parish. The words she had overheard sounded in her ears, and she kept repeating to herself, 'The sooner you go the better.' Was Edmund going?—where?—when? One lingering hope remained. Was it possible that he was about to solicit his father's consent? She glanced at his face. It was gloomy and sad. Not once did his eyes seek hers; when he raised them, they invariably turned towards her sister, but with an expression of gloom and resentment that almost amounted to fierceness. Ginevra was as pale as a sheet, and Margaret felt bewildered and frightened, but not jealous, as in the morning. She resolutely avoided responding to the glances which Maud was directing towards her, and as soon as it was possible, she gave the signal of withdrawal; as she stood by the door to let all the other ladies pass, Edmund, who had opened it, bent forward when Ginevra went by, and slipped a note into her hand. He had not seen that Margaret was behind, and she only remarked as she followed her sister into the drawing-room, that she seemed ready to faint, and grasped the back of a chair for support. She would not for worlds have revealed to Maud what she had just seen; an unutterable pity seemed to take possession of her soul, and as her sister left the room with faltering steps, she felt no irritation, nothing but a vague foreboding of evil for herself and for others. Maud, repulsed in some attempts at conversation, seized on a book; Mrs. Warren, contrary to her usual habit, was abstracted and silent: Mrs. Thornton, alone unruffled and undisturbed, maintained that sort of uninterrupted small-talk, which, unprovoked and unfettered, pursued the senseless tenor of its way, through all the varied accidents of life.

Later in the evening, when most of the company had assembled in the music-room, Maud began talking of the ball and of the charades, and making various plans about them. She had just allotted a part to Edmund, when Mr. Warren interrupted her by saying—

"Do you know that he talks of running away? I believe we are actually to lose him tomorrow."

"What, Mr. Neville, is it possible?" Maud exclaimed; and Margaret and Ginevra raised their eyes at the same moment.

"I have had letters from Ireland, which oblige me to go home," he answered briefly.

"And when shall you settle at Darrell-court?" asked Walter.

"That depends on circumstances. Perhaps very soon—perhaps never."

Maud looked at Margaret, but she was sick at heart, and did not return the glance. The approaching days, which she had at one time looked forward to with so much pleasure, presented to her now the most irksome prospect, and she felt a vague wish that something might happen to stop a course of proceedings that seemed empty folly when all the spirit that had actuated its conception had disappeared. She wondered that rational beings could dance, and act, and play like a parcel of children. 'Was life given to us for such purposes?' she mentally exclaimed; and then she thought that life, as it appeared to her at that moment, was a sad, a dreary, an unprofitable boon—dim and colorless, like the landscape on which the sun has ceased to shine—long as a tale whose interest is exhausted—insipid as a fruit that has lost its savor. Engrossed by her own thoughts, she scarcely attended to a single word that was said to her, and when asked to play, she went mechanically to the pianoforte, and went through a sonata without once looking about her, or uttering a word in answer to the compliments that were addressed to her; for she played well, and the nervous uneasiness of her mind seemed to give strength to her fingers and expression to her touch. She had just risen to return to her work, when the butler walked up to Edmund Neville, and said to him eagerly—

"Sir, your dog is here. He has found you out."

A scuffle was heard at the door, and a large mastiff of the St. Bernard breed burst into the room, and rushed to his master with all the impetuosity of joy and exulting recognition.

"Oh, what a magnificent creature!" exclaimed Maud Vincent, and bent down to caress him. He growled at her, and she withdrew alarmed. Margaret and Mrs. Warren also vainly tried to approach him, and Edmund called him towards the door, when, suddenly leaving his master, the dog approached Ginevra, smelt her dress an instant, and then, uttering a low joyful cry, jumped upon her, licked her face and hands, and laid his large head on her knees. She caressed him an instant, and then pushed him gently away. Edmund said, aloud—

"I suppose, signora, that old Bruno acknowledges you as his countrywoman?"

The color rushed into her cheeks; perhaps these words brought to her mind her own snowy Alps, and the Italian valleys at their feet, for she snatched the dog in her arms, and laid her face on his shaggy neck. Twice she repeated his name with a kind of passionate fondness, as if she lingered over the syllables and fixed them in her memory.

"You should improvise some stanzas, signora," observed Mr. Warren, 'in honor of the dog who has paid you so signal a compliment.'

General exclamations broke forth in support of Mr. Warren's suggestion. Edmund at the same time said something in a low voice to old Bruno, who had returned to him, and Ginevra's eyes fixed themselves upon him with an earnest, steady gaze that seemed to make him uneasy: the color deepened in his cheek, and leaning against the chimney, he hid his face with his arm. Still her eyes followed him, as if uncon-

sciously; but in a few seconds she fixed them on the dog, who was now lying at her feet, and in a low, deep voice, whose accents fell on the ear like the whisperings of an Æolian harp, she repeated some stanzas in Italian, the sense of which may thus be rendered in English—

"Friend of the wanderer! Guide in the storm! In thy native mountains thou art wont to seek the lingering life that is ebbing away in the grasp of death. The voice of the torrent, the fall of the avalanche, the smooth and fatal whiteness of the deep valley, cannot blind thy instinct or deceive thy sympathies.

"Brave dog of the St. Bernard! Tried friend of the wanderer! When the shades of night have closed about him, and the precipice is yawning at his feet, and the peaks of the Alps, in their snowy shrouds, hang over him like ghosts, and he gives himself up for lost, it is then thy familiar bark, thy warm breath, thy strength, and thy tenderness, revive him. O, thou friend in need! O, thou guide in darkness! But is it given to thee, too, to read the tearless eye, and discern the struggles of the soul under the smooth surface of apparent calmness? Does some strange instinct tell thee where a human heart is throbbing in silence, like the torrents of thine own Alps, when an icy prison binds them?

"The first breath of summer will burst their chains; they will spring forth exulting into life, and gladden the valleys with their cataracts of foam, their rainbow colors, and their deep songs of joy. The spring must come to them; the sweet breeze of the south must waken them again to life and to liberty; but the whisperings of hope—when will they reach the heart that is waxing cold in its misery? The sunshine of love—when will it melt the icy prison where the soul is struggling in silence?

"Thy kind eyes, thy warm breath, cannot do it; thy strength is vain, thy pity is useless. It lies not with thee to comfort the sick at heart, or to revive the spirit which man has blighted. Go back to thy mountains, brave dog of the St. Bernard; go to the snow-drifts, and bid them yield their victims; call to the abyss, and bid it yield up its dead; seek for life in the glaciers, and carry warmth to the perishing; but come not in thy impotent love, and in thy vain compassion, to speak of hope to those whom hope is forsaking, or of joy to those whose joy is departed."

The voice of the speaker was hushed, and seemed still to vibrate in the hearts of her hearers. Her attitude did not change; her eyes were still fixed on the dog at her feet, who was licking her hand gently, as if afraid of disturbing her. Mrs. Warren fidgeted about, and tried to say something in praise of the verses. Mrs. Thornton, who had not understood them, declared it was wonderful, but that she wished it had been done in English. Mr. Warren, Walter, and Maud, all seemed to feel that there was something in the scene beyond what met the eye. Walter drew near to Margaret, and, as if by accident, he took hold of her hand, and pressed it. Ginevra was the first to move; she walked slowly towards the door, but stopped before she reached it, and looked back towards the place where Edmund was standing. For the first time that evening he looked at her; their eyes met; he saw an expression of such intense imploring entreaty in hers, that he seemed to forget himself, and started forward as if to go to her; but he stopped, and sitting carelessly on the music-stool as he passed the pianoforte, he laid his hand negligently on the keys, and played a few notes of a melancholy and expressive air. The color returned to Ginevra's cheek as the sounds reached her; a slow faint smile flitted over her face; once more their eyes met, and then she left the room; while Edmund, seizing a newspaper, threw himself upon a couch, and hid his face with it. Maud went to the pianoforte, and after running her fingers along the keys, she called Margaret, and said—

"Have you ever heard the famous air '*Guido e Ginevra*?' and she played the same

notes that Edmund had just imperfectly, but distinctly rendered; and then, as Margaret stood by with an anxious and bewildered countenance, she added—

"The words are as touching as the tune;" and she sang, in French, the well-known air which ends with these oft-repeated words:

*Je reviendrai pour dire encore, le nom si doux de Ginevra.*

Margaret went to her room, and sat down by the fire, with her face buried in her hands. She had not spoken to Edmund, or even looked at him, as she had left the library; and it was only now that she remembered that if he went early the next morning, she could not see him again. It had not occurred to her that this was possible, and a sharp pain shot through her heart at the idea. Her maid came in to undress her, and commanding her voice as well as she could, she inquired at what hour Mr. Neville had ordered his carriage.

"At six," Grace replied, and Margaret's heart sank within her. A moment afterwards there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Dalton put in her head, and said—"Here is a note, my dear, which Mr. Neville asked me to give you. He was so sorry not to have seen you leave the room, as he wished to say good-bye to you."

Margaret took the note with a trembling hand, but she could not open it before others. She dismissed Grace, she kissed Mrs. Dalton, shut the door, pressed the note to her lips, and burst into tears. She dared not open it; a faint hope still flickered in her mind, like the expiring light of the candle which Grace had just extinguished and left on the table. With a superstitious anxiety she watched it rise, and fall, and sink as with a hopeless despondency, and then shoot up again with a kind of fierce resolution, and then burn dimly and faintly, and then throw out two or three sparks, as if it strove by a last effort of feeble strength to keep off its approaching end. "If it hold on but one second more," thought Margaret, as she broke the seal of the note in her hand, "I shall not despair." Her fingers trembled, and the enclosure stuck to the envelope; once more a star gleamed in the blackened wick, but disappeared before her eyes had glanced over the now unfolded paper, and read the courteous, but common-place farewell which extinguished the last lingering hope of her aching heart. She threw it into the fire, but snatched the shrivelling paper before the flames had entirely consumed it, and with a sort of faint pleasure perceived that the writing was not yet all destroyed—the signature was still visible. She smoothed the paper, folded it and cried bitterly. It was a great trial, and it was her first trial. She had never parted before from any one she loved, and she was afraid of her own feelings when she would awake the next day, and remember that Edmund was gone. She could not rest, she could not even attempt to lie down; but heaping fresh coals on the fire, she sat on, with her eyes fixed on the French clock on the chimney-piece, sometimes clenching her hands as if in anger, sometimes with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and her head reposing on the back of the arm-chair, like a child exhausted with crying. The clock struck five, and she heard a sound of steps in the passage above her room, like somebody walking very lightly. In a few seconds' time, she heard a door closed in a slow and cautious manner, at the end of the gallery on which her own room opened, and then everything was quiet again. A moment afterwards, Margaret started up in her chair, and exclaimed to herself, "O shame, shame!" and then again buried her face in her hands. Unconnected words and sentences fell from her lips; a strange contest seemed to be taking place within her. Once, overcome by fatigue, she fell asleep, and then woke up and cried out, "Oh no, Maud; oh no." And an instant afterwards, she said, as if musing over the words—"Worse than a coquette!" The clock struck six; she was getting very restless and feverish, and began to walk up and down the room, and then in a few minutes she opened the

door, and looked down the dark gallery. At the furthest end of it a speck of light was visible; it was from the chink of a door; it was scarcely perceptible, but it was there, and the door was Ginevra's. "Oh that I dared open it," she exclaimed, "that I dared burst into that room, and kneel to her whom I wrong so grievously, whom I suspect—"

The handle of the door on which her eyes were fixed softly turned, and then she heard again the sound of steps, and her soul sickened within her; she thought she knew the step, she had so often watched its approach. It had once been music in her ears; and now, that slow and cautious tread sounded like the knell—not of her happiness, that seemed gone already,—but of all her future peace of mind.

"I will speak to her," she exclaimed. "It is a dream, perhaps, and a horrid one. To see her will dispel it."

She crossed the gallery with trembling steps—she paused at the door. The sound of deep and stifled sobs met her ears—she opened the door; Ginevra was on her knees, her hair streaming over her face, and her whole frame quivering with emotion. At the sound of the opening door, she started up, and extended her arms wildly, pushing back the hair from her face, and uttering a cry of hope and surprise, and some Italian word of endearment. Her eyes were blinded with tears; but in an instant she recognised Margaret, and said "Sister!" in so gentle and utterly mournful a tone, that it sounded like a cry for mercy. Margaret stood transfixed, bewildered, unable to collect her thoughts; but her eyes fell that moment on a travelling fur glove that lay on the carpet close to the door. She knew it well, and a tumultuous tide of passion rushed over her soul, sent the crimson blood into her cheek, and heaved in her swelling and indignant breast. With flashing eyes and curling lip she held it out to Ginevra, who took it mechanically, and pressed her other hand on her throat, as if to subdue the convulsive agitation of her frame.

"What do you wish? What do you want, sister?" she asked, as if she did not know what she said.

"At that moment the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and both sisters started.

"Yes," exclaimed Margaret, in a loud voice, as the sound died away in the distance—"yes, he is going! he goes! and would to Heaven he had never known you or me; would to God he had never set his eyes upon us, and brought misery to me—and to you. Oh! what has he brought to you? I know not—I dare not—I cannot think or speak; but guilty, very guilty you must be, Ginevra—for darkness, and silence, and shame have attended your actions. A false innocence has been on your brow, and a false virtue on your tongue. You have deceived me with every feature in your face, and with every accent of your voice. He is gone: yes, thank Heaven! he is gone; but peace, and hope, and trust, are gone too, for ever gone, from this, my once happy home. O, may he never return! May my eyes never behold him again! May his own conscience, if deceit and treachery have not for ever hardened it, torment and punish him for the misery he has brought upon me,—aye, and upon you," she continued (as Ginevra faintly murmured, "For God's sake—for mercy's sake, do not curse him, Margaret"),—"you, my fallen, my most unhappy sister. O Ginevra! Ginevra! was it for this that you were made so beautiful, so highly gifted, so captivating, to be only so infinitely vile. Ginevra, I could hate you for the injury you have done me, if I did not pity you from my soul. You, who know so well, who can talk so well of pure, and noble, and holy things, you cannot be hardened—you cannot be so dead to all feeling—"

"Was it the calm of death; was it the deadness of the soul that made those pale blue eyes so clear and mild, in their meek and most expressive sadness? Was the look of tenderness with which she watched the excited and quivering features of her indignant sister, another piece



of well-acted deceit; and the convulsive energy with which she pressed to her heart the small crucifix she wore round her neck, another proof of hollow formalism or miserable hypocrisy?

"Sister," she said at last, when, exhausted by her own vehemence, Margaret fell on a chair with her face hid in her hands—"sister, you must think ill, very ill of me; I cannot expect, or even wish that you should not. No, Margaret, always shrink from the very first approach to evil or deceit. Shrink from it as from a poisonous serpent, and abhor it whenever and wherever you meet with it. But be merciful to the sinner, while you condemn the sin! Believe that, notwithstanding the strongest and most conclusive appearances of guilt, there may be—excuses, perhaps, or—bear with me, Margaret, listen to me—dangers, trials, Margaret!" she continued, drawing nearer to her sister. "I am still very young, and though I seem sometimes so calm and so strong, I can hardly bear the burden that is laid upon me. I do not ask you to help me; for none can do that but God. I do not ask you to forgive me, for I may not now tell you how much or how little you have to forgive; but spare me, pray for me; pray that the acute sufferings which day by day I endure, may expiate whatever has been guilty in my life; and, O sister, this is my most ardent prayer, that I may one day hear from your lips that you are happy again."

"Margaret waved her hand impatiently; Ginevra wrung her own, and gazed upon her as if she would have read into her soul. She then stood before her, and, in a tone of voice gentle, but firm, addressed her thus—

"Margaret, it signifies little whether it be through my fault or through my misfortune that your hopes, and what you now call your happiness, are destroyed. You *never* can be Edmund Neville's wife; and *never*, even in your most secret thoughts, must you allow yourself to think of him as a husband or a lover. I care not what you think of me; I care not now what impression you carry away with you, nor how you treat me in future, nor how you speak of me to others; but this conviction you *must* carry with you when you leave this room, and never lose it again as you value *all* that you believe me to have lost."

"Margaret started up, caught her sister's hands, and, with an eagerness amounting to violence, exclaimed—

"Tell me what you mean. When you wept and kissed my hand just now, I thought you guilty. Now you speak with a strange audacity, and I could almost fancy you to be innocent. If you are so, speak; speak, Ginevra. Tell me any tale you choose, and I will believe it, or else let me leave the room and never trust in any one again."

"Go," said Ginevra, calmly and solemnly, "go, and never ask me again to speak of myself. Only remember my last words and lay them to your heart. Our paths of duty are different, and though we may live together, if that even be allowed, we must never forget that an invisible barrier has risen between us, which you cannot—and I dare not—remove. If, with a great patience and a holy trust, you will bear with me, and suspend hard thoughts and abstain from harsh words, it will be a great and wonderful effort of virtue; and hereafter, my sister, you will be glad to think that you did not break a bruised reed—but if you cannot, then let God's will be done. Be it trial, or be it punishment, I am ready to receive at your hands far more misery than I have inflicted upon you. Only—she stopped, hesitated, clasped her hands in supplication, and then, with a burst of such agony as she had not given way to before, exclaimed—"only, only spare my father!"

"Margaret held out her hand without looking at her; but as she was leaving the room, she returned impetuously, flung herself into her sister's arms, and both wept with uncontrollable emotion; and when these two fair creatures parted, it was with a heavier weight of sorrow

on their spirits than such young hearts are often doomed to endure."

Neville, in retiring, leaves a friend behind who undertakes the pleasant task of persuading the enthusiastic and devoted Ginevra to give up her lover or embrace the Protestant religion, as the only means of securing the consummation of her marriage. He urges:—

"Heaven forbid that I should strive to persuade you to act against your conscience? I admit that if your convictions are unalterable, you cannot of course give them up; but in that case it is much to be regretted that you ever entered into an engagement beset with so many insuperable difficulties! Such a foolish, hopeless affair!" he repeated, with that sort of impatience which good-natured and matter-of-fact persons experience at what appears to them the needless sufferings which others entail upon themselves by giving way to their feelings; but he was touched by the mournful eloquence of Ginevra's eyes, which were raised to his with a kind of mute appeal from the sentence he had just pronounced. Again he suggested, and again she rejected the only alternative which presented itself to his mind; and at last, provoked with himself and with her, and wearied with the discussion, he exclaimed abruptly, "Well then, keep your faith, and give up my nephew. You must choose between—"

"God and man," she solemnly replied. "Thank you for those words; they have given me strength. Now let us return home. You said you could not help me, and you were right."

"You have a great sacrifice to make," replied Mr. Warren; "but young as you are, and with a long life before you—"

"Yes, a long life—perhaps as long as his," she added in a low voice.

"You will feel satisfied at having released him from a painful position. As the cause, though the innocent cause, of his ruin, you never could have been happy."

"Once more she gazed at the smooth river at her feet, and then at the blue vault of heaven over her head.

"Now you will both start afresh in life; you will have nothing with which to reproach each other."

"No, we must not reproach each other," Ginevra mechanically repeated; and they walked on in silence, except that Mr. Warren now and then made an observation tending to enforce the necessity of the sacrifice he had urged her to make. When they were within a few steps of the house, she suddenly stopped, and said, in a low deep voice, "Are you *sure* that you have told me the truth?" There was such intense misery in the tone with which this was uttered, that Mr. Warren started, and felt shocked at having been the means of inflicting it; but he could not retract, and the tear that glistened in his eye gave a death-blow to her hopes. He felt then for her, but saw no means of escape. She pressed his hand, went up to her room, and was alone for an hour, looking her fate in the face, and struggling against despair. It was true, as she had said it to herself, that Ginevra Leslie was very young for the load of care, for the heavy burden which weighed on her spirit, and taxed the energies of a character which nature had made ardent, and to which education and circumstances had taught self-control. Full of that indomitable fire which genius kindles and passion nurses, she had taken life and its mysteries, and its realities, as if by storm, and at thirteen she had ceased to think, to speak, or to feel as a child. The strong religious principles which grew with her growth, and moulded her whole being, grappled with that nature, and curbed its impetuosity. Her imagination, her talents, her enthusiasm, had been directed to one end by the influence of a religion, which, while it is ascetic in its discipline, and uncompromising in its morality, deals with each human being according to his secret needs, and purifies while it exalts every aspiration of his soul. She had seen in the gorgeous temples of her own land

the riches of the earth, the precious marbles and the sparkling gems, the gold of the mine, and the pearls of the ocean, lavished in profusion on the shrines of the Almighty; and she had learned, at the same time, that the precious things of man's brain, its pearls of great price, its treasures of deep thought, its gems of countless value, should be laid upon the altar of God, not to be destroyed, like the holocausts of old, but to be hallowed and exalted by the light of the sanctuary. Every inspiration that raised her soul from earth was directed to heaven; each burst of enthusiasm was sanctified by a sacrifice; the consciousness of superior power was incitement to new exertions; and the revelations of her own genius, startling appeals, to which she responded with uplifted eye and with bended knee. When the day of trial came, the same influence saved her from despair."

Is all this too fine for a girl of seventeen? Or, on the other hand, is it only in fresh and untainted youth that we are thus high resolved? But Ginevra is a genius! Well, that hardly mends the matter. For even before Anacreon Moore published his special plea to excuse the fickleness of genius, Byron, himself (stealing a simile from Shakspeare's sonnets) had written,—

"Poets are great liars,  
And take all colors like the hands of dyers."

But we have already stated our own theory upon the subject (in No. 73), that the alleged inconstancy of Genius springs from impatience of suffering, and not from the vague craving for "the unsatisfied," which being an attribute of weakness and frivolity, is incompatible with the tenacity of feeling that must go with the higher order of mind. May one not safely say that the vagaries of Burns, the most remarkable child of genius, perhaps, that ever lived, arose not so much from his fancies being carried hither and thither by each new lure, as from his frantic efforts to escape the anguish of emotions thwarted by poverty, and wearied out by the obstacles incident to his incongruous position amid men; the inheritor of transcendent gifts, which could not raise him in actual life above his fellows; and the victim of urgent and tyrannical affections for ever at war with his interest! There is a great deal of nonsense written upon this subject: but such speculations are not altogether idle; for we believe the temperament of genius, nay, its very mental structure, often exists without the full intellectual fruits by which alone the world are willing to recognise its existence. If so, there must be a class of people in the world which, though too small to be legislated for, is still large enough to have their needs and peculiarities respected. A skilful farrier, in handling an ailing horse, in the same moment that he pronounces him never to have been fit for the turf, will tell from his full and thin-winged nostril alone, that the dainty spirit of the blood coursers is there; and though the heels may be wanting that would win the cup, he may know (without having read Mr. Headley's *Cromwell*) that it was the fitting grooming for nags like these, under the eyes of gentlemen, which enabled them to meet the dray-horse charge of some of Cromwell's heaviest troopers, and brave, even in their loose array, the compact onslaught of his own Ironsides. The human breed and the Equine may, perhaps, then both have purposes of utility, which ingenuity may some day turn to the arts of peace; and the constitutional peculiarities and the training and requirements of a caste of men, exact the same study from the physician and the moralist, as do those of a caste of horses from the

groom and the farrier. Then humanity no more may shudder in bewilderment at a spectacle like that presented by the failing days of Coleridge; the luckless Solitary, who could minister to every mind save his own, and yet, from whom his nearest and dearest friend turned away in coldness and despair (see *Literary World*, No. 47, p. 503) at the appeal which Southey, at least, should have understood when he, the poet, so boldly took upon himself the sobriquet of "the Doctor."

We cannot take leave of the book before us without saying that the exquisite ideal creation of *Ginevra*, which has suggested these reflections, has given us an impression of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's power as a writer that must awaken expectations in whatever comes from her pen.

We close our notice with a brief extract—

#### TOUCHING THE KEYS OF THE SOUL.

"Words sometimes affect us in a singular manner. A phrase, a sentiment which we may often have heard before, at times unaccountably arrests our attention; touches, perhaps, some chord which, by a remote and scarcely perceptible vibration, reaches our own heart, and by a kind of magnetic power instantaneously produces sympathy between us and the speaker. In this case it may have been that the Italian's melancholy and passionate love of his art, the disproportion which he simply expressed in a few words between the creations of his fancy and the work of his hands, answered to the feelings of one, who like Leslie, under a cold and quiet manner, hid a keen sensibility and a lively imagination. To be a poet in the very depths of his soul, and to find no words in which to give life and form to the thoughts which struggle within him; to feel the might of genius and the strength of inspiration; to be conscious of the fire which consumes him in secret, and to have no mould in which to cast the burning torrent; to feel the sacred flame dying away for lack of air and light to make glad or mournful music in his secret soul, and never hear with his outward ears one note of those mysterious melodies vibrate through the air; to feel that he can love with passion, or thrill with indignation, while his voice is mute, his hands weak, and his eyes dim, is a pain that has, probably, been experienced by many a shy and silent man: one whom the wayfaring man and the fool, the babler of many words, or the scribbler of many pages, has passed by with indifference or gazed at with contempt; and it is to such as these that one word, one look, comes sometimes with a strange power, and unlocks in an instant the floodgates which have been closed for years.

#### FRESH VERSIONS OF THE CLASSICS.

We this week present the readers of the *Literary World* with a translation from the *Iliad*, by one of the most accomplished and elegant scholars of England's later days. It has never appeared in type before, and is here presented from the original MS. The literary career of this distinguished and lately deceased author is thus commemorated in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of England:"—

"The Honorable and Very Reverend William Herbert, now Dean of Manchester, was born in 1778, in the county of Hampshire, and is the third son of Henry third Earl of Caernarvon and Lady Elizabeth Wyndham, sister of the late Earl of Egremont, being descended directly on the father's side from the Earls of Pembroke, and on the mother's from the Earls of Percy. He was educated at Eton, with his brother, the late Earl, who was himself distinguished as a speaker in the House of Lords, and for his strenuous denunciation of King George the Fourth in the matter of the divorce of Queen Caroline. From Eton Mr.

Herbert went to Christ Church, Oxford, in which university he was afterwards elected fellow of Merton College; and both at school and the university he obtained high distinction as a classical scholar. He adopted civil and ecclesiastical law as his profession, became a member of Doctors' Commons, was retained largely by American shipholders in the admiralty suits previous to the last war, and in the case of the *Snipe*, delivered an argument which was considered the ablest that was produced in any of those cases, and which Sir William Scott said contained so many and new points that he must take time to consider previous to giving a decision. During the consideration, however, war was declared, in consequence of earlier confiscations, and the decision was at length adverse. About this time Mr. Herbert was returned to the House of Commons for the borough of Cricklade in Wiltshire, and afterward for his native county, in a strongly contested election, and in the House soon came to be considered a rising member of uncommon promise. During this time he had the satisfaction of sharing the glory of the immortal Wilberforce, with whom he was a steady co-operator, in the abolition of the slave trade. Shortly afterwards, all hopes of the Whig party, to which he was attached, coming into power, being destroyed by the change in the Prince Regent's policy, and his brother having sold the borough of Cricklade, Mr. Herbert, who had in the meantime married the daughter of Viscount Allen,—with an increasing family and no hope of political success,—took orders in the church, for which he had always felt a strong inclination, and was inducted to a valuable rectory in Yorkshire, in the gift of his uncle the Earl of Egremont, where he has constantly resided since 1816, dividing his time between his parishioners, his literary pursuits, and his beautiful gardens and collection of exotics. In 1840 he was installed to the deanery of Manchester, whereby his sphere of utility and benevolence has been very much increased, although it is to be feared that his leisure for literary occupation may be considered almost at an end.

"Mr. HERBERT'S writings are in many languages, and are as remarkable for their variety, as for their depth, their compass, and their correctness. As a botanist, it would probably not be too much to say, that throughout the world he has no living superior; as a naturalist and ornithologist, he has produced much new and accurate information; as a preacher, he is one of the first in the church of which he is among the brightest ornaments. As a classical scholar of exquisite taste and finish, his whole mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Greek and Roman orators and poets, he has been favorably known from his childhood upward; and he still continues to compose in the dead languages with fluency and grace, as some of our selections from his recent works will show. At a period when the tongues of northern Europe, the Scandinavian, and Slavonic, little known even now, were utterly unstudied, Mr. HERBERT made himself so thoroughly a proficient in their intricacies as to compose in them likewise easily and well; as also in the sweeter and more usually known languages of Italy and Spain.

"His poetry consists, for the most part, of original poems and translations, either on the northern model, or from the northern tongue. The grandest and most sustained of all is "Attila," which the *Edinburgh Review* pronounced the most Miltonic poem that has appeared since "Paradise Regained." Their cha-

raeter will be best shown by the copious extracts given below; it may not be, however, superfluous to add, that in his knowledge and practice of rhythm and versification, no one is superior to our author.

"After the withdrawal of Lord Francis Egerton from the chair of the British Association, when it was assembled at Manchester, his place was supplied by the Dean, who took the opportunity of delivering a handsome compliment to Mr. Everett, and America, of which country, as being in politics a mild and now conservative Whig, he has ever been a steady and consistent friend. In politics he gave his support to the movers of Roman Catholic emancipation; and he seconded the nomination of Lord Morpeth for Yorkshire, during the excitement previous to the passage of the Reform bill, in favor of which he voted. It may not be impertinent to add, that he has recently been elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. An edition of his writings, comprising his poems, criticisms, and sermons, was published by Bohn, in three large octavo volumes, in 1842."

#### ILIAD.

##### BOOK NINTH.

So Troy kept watch; while heaven-descended Flight  
Companion pale of shivering Affright,  
Possess'd the Greeks, and musing Grief oppress'd  
The flagging nerve of each heroic breast.  
As when two adverse storms upheave the waves, 5.  
Boreas and Zephyrus, from Thracian caves  
Pour'd sudden on the main; the blackening tide  
Runs mountain high tumultuous; and wide  
Scatters the seaweed on the beaten coast:  
So thoughts conflicting split the Achaean host. 10.  
But great Atreides, struck with heaviest cares,  
His mandate to each clear-voiced herald bears;  
To call (himself will aid) each Grecian peer  
To council, but with low breath whisper'd near.  
Silent and sad they took their seats; but he 15.  
Stood weeping, like some fount which gloomily  
Pours its dark waters from the rugged rock;  
Thus he the Argives, groaning deep, bespoke:  
"Friends, princes, chiefs, Jove's web around me cast,  
In deep calamity has bound me fast. 20.  
Unjust, who promised once this host should burn  
Troy's gorgeous towers, and conquering, no more return;  
Now, gulfed, bids me back to Greece again,  
Inglorious, unrevenge'd, my people slain.  
So seems it good to Him, whose fatal will 25.  
Bows down the necks of cities, and shall still  
Hereafter bow them, for supreme his sway;  
His will be done; it fits us to obey.  
Turn we our prow towards our native shore,  
And hope the sack of spacious Troy no more." 30.  
He ceased; yet they sate tongue chained by anguish sore.  
Long time no voice the gloomy silence broke,  
Till good at need at length Tydides spoke.  
"O Counsellor, Atreides, I gainsay  
Foremost thy speech, as freely here I may; 35.  
Nor, king, wax wroth! Thou first didst brand my  
fame  
With charge opprobrious and a coward's name.  
Spread thro' the camp is that reproachful word;  
Old men and young the bitter taunt have heard. 40.  
To thee the cunning son of Saturn gave  
A double lot; he made thee king and slave;  
He gave a sceptre, and the highest state;  
But gave not valor, which is truly great.  
Fond man, thou hop'st each Grecian host to find, 45.  
Weak as thy words, and nerveless as thy mind.  
If home allure thee, go! the way is plain;  
Thy vessels, many, and moor'd near the main,  
Shall wait thee to Mycene's halls again.  
Other Achæans strong in manly pride, 50.  
Till Troy lies sack'd and smoking, still abide.  
If they too (let them) home—and plough the tide,  
We, Sthenelus and I, will strive, till flame  
Envelopes Troy, for by God's word we came."  
He ceased; the Greeks loud acclamations raise; 55.  
That haughty speech the applauding chieftains praise.  
When in the midst equestrian Nestor rose,  
And thus, "Thy worth, Tydides, who but knows!  
Foremost, her crest when hideous battle rears,  
Nor less in council first among thy peers! 60.  
None shall gainsay the truth thy words unfold;  
No Greek shall blame, for just thy speech, tho' bold.  
"But young thou art, and inexperienced wit  
The utmost scope of words has fall'd to hit. 65.  
Yet kings thou hast reproved, and kings in sooth  
Must bear the censure, for thy speech is truth;  
Now hear the advice of age; thy number'd years  
Scarce equal what my latest offspring bears.  
Not one of all these chiefs shall deem it vain, 70.  
Nor Agamemnon's self my words disdain.  
Impious, unjust, unfit, for social rites  
Is he, whose soul in civil strife delights.  
Let us the summons of still night obey,



And share in peace refreshment, while we may.  
Let guards be set between the trench and wall,  
A chosen band; the young such duties call.  
But first in rank, great Agamemnon, sway  
Our wavering counsels, and let Greeks obey.  
Thou to the old divide the royal meal,  
'Tis meet; such largesse fits a monarch well.  
Thy princely tents are fill'd with liberal wines;  
Ships daily waft the juice of Thracian vines;  
Sails crowd the sea; thy stores are furnish'd; all  
Is prompt at need, and many heed thy call.  
Then crave advice from each, to all address  
Thine equal speech, trust him who counsels best.  
Sound and good counsel need we all, who boast  
The Grecian name; for Troy besets our host.  
Close to our navy, bright and numerous, glow  
The baleful watchfires of the impatient foe.  
Who, viewing those, can joy? This awful night  
Must save our army or destroy it quite."  
He spoke; they heard obsequious, and obeyed;  
Forth rush'd the guards in panoply arrayed,  
Some flock round Thrasymedes, Nestor's son;  
Some round Askalaphus, Mars' offspring, run:  
Part near his brother, brave Tolmen, swarms,  
Others round Aphaeus in burnish'd arms,  
And good Delpyrus, and Merion shine,  
And god-like Lycomedes, of Creon's line.  
Seven were the leaders of the chosen band,  
A hundred spearmen own'd each chief's command.  
Midway between the trench and wall, they fared,  
There kindled fires, and each his meal prepared.  
Atreides to his tent the elders led,  
And soon the royal board was fitly spread.  
They to the meats prepared their hands applied,  
And drink and food were to their wish supplied.  
Then Nestor old, who best advised before,  
Thus raised his voice, and goodly counsel bore.  
"Great son of Atreus, king supreme, attend,  
With thee my words begin, with thee must end;  
For thou art lord of many, and to thee  
Did Jove the sceptre and the throne decree,  
That thou shouldst guard the state by heaven as-  
signed.  
With watchful vigor and a prudent mind,  
Then hear advice; from all the counsels shown,  
The wisest choose, and make the praise thine own;  
But I will utter what to me seems best.  
No sounder counsel will be e'er express'd,  
Nor hath been, monarch, since thy mandate led  
Briseis ravish'd from Achilles' bed,  
Greeks not assenting; oft and loud I pray'd  
Thee, great Atreides, to forego the maid.  
Thou, thine high soul by passion's impulse moved,  
Him hast dishonor'd whom the immortals loved.  
And, having seized by force, dost still retain  
The guerdon to his toils assign'd in vain.  
But let us calmly even now debate,  
How best with words and gifts to soothe his hate.  
Atreides answer'd staidly: "That wrong I own;  
The source of evil thou hast truly shown.  
The man beloved of Jove is worth an host,  
As Jove loved him, and humbled Grecia's boast.  
But, since I err'd and baleful thoughts obey'd,  
I now would soothe him, retribution made.  
Myself will yield him ample gifts and dear;  
Achæans all, the tale of presents hear.  
Seven tripods pure from fire, of burnish'd mould  
Twenty bright vases, talents ten of gold,  
Twelve steeds of form compact and matchless breed;  
Rich were the man, whose treasures should exceed  
The prizes won by their unconquer'd speed.  
Seven Lesbian women, skill'd in works of art,  
Of blameless beauty, form'd to win the heart,  
By me selected for superior charms,  
When fair-built Lesbos mourned his conquering arms.  
With these the lovely captive I restore,  
Briseis, whom I seized in evil hour,  
And swear, by me untouch'd the damsel goes,  
Her couch, respected, no intrusion knows.  
These strait are his, and if the heavenly Powers  
Grant us the plunder of old Priam's towers,  
Huge stores of gold and brass himself shall weigh,  
To load his ships, when Greeks divide the prey;  
And twenty virgins choose of Trojan race,  
Who yield to none, but Helen's peerless grace.  
If saved by Jove, we reach the Argive shore,  
E'en he my son shall be, not honor'd more  
Orestes' name, though dear that cherish'd boy.  
Whose birth, long hopes, crown'd Hymen's latest joy.  
Three daughters flourish in my sumptuous hall;  
Born to command, Laodice the tall.  
And bright Chrysotheus with golden hair,  
And loved Iphianassa, young and fair.  
Of those which best he likes, shall yield her charms,  
Not woo'd by gifts, to bless the hero's arms;  
The blooming bride to Phthia let him bear,  
Her wealth as ample, as her beauty rare.  
Seven goodly cities be the virgin's dower,  
I grant Cardamyle to own his power,  
And Enope, and Phera's sacred lands,  
The flowing meads in which Anthea stands,  
Rich Hira, and Apeia's airy brow.  
And Pedasus, where vines luxuriant grow.  
All near the main, and sandy Pylos, lie;  
In wealth of herds and flocks their people vie.  
Him shall they honor as a god, and yield  
Fair gifts, the tribute of each teeming field.  
All this I grant the wide stretch'd verdant plain,  
To turn his anger and his friendship gain.  
Then let him bend; alone stern Hades reigns  
Deaf to who sues, and harsh to who complains,  
But hence abhor'd. Let him just power obey,  
More years I boast, and wider is my sway."  
To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied—

"Atreides Agamemnon, Grecia's pride,  
Thy gifts are blameless. To Achilles' tent  
With instant speed be chosen envoys sent,  
Myself will name them; let the chiefs assent.  
Phoenix beloved of Jove conduct the band,  
And next him Ajax and Ulysses stand;  
Eurybates and Hodius, heralds true,  
Obey their orders and their steps pursue.  
Bring water for our hands; with praise and prayer  
Entreat we Jove to pity and to spare."

## CHATEAUBRIAND.

ANOTHER—one of the most illustrious, and almost the last, of the characters of the eighteenth century,—has just passed from the world. A contemporary of Voltaire, Rousseau, and De Stael,—of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Louis XVI.—of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gibbon—of Byron, Shelley, and Scott—of Frederick, Napoleon, and Washington—acquainted with all, and intimate with most of these extraordinary personages, has lived through the most important era of civilization, and, after experiencing every variety of fortune, hearing every note of fame, passing through every stage of belief, has died in peace, having heard the ultimate verdict of mankind upon his merits, and in humble reliance upon Christ for an immortality of happiness.

The Vicomte FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, according to an elaborate memoir in the "Biographie Universelle des Contemporains," which we translate, somewhat abridging, was born in Sept., 1768, in the vicinity of Saint Malo. He was descended from one of those families which, during the latter days of the old monarchy, constituted a species of intermediate class, known as provincial nobility; and which, particularly in Bretagne, contented with the quiet maintenance of the family state, were easily reconciled to the superior splendor of the court nobility, by the consciousness of possessing a purer if not so ostentatious a lineage. But a special compensation was reserved for the name of Chateaubriand. When the storm of the revolution, the terrible precursor of a new social state, swept away all the historical names, to him alone, then one of the most obscure, was it given to replace the faded splendor by a newer, fresher lustre, and to achieve all the honors which in our days are accorded to personal distinction and moral superiority. Thoughtful at an age when the thoughts can have no real aliment, a resistless instinct led him to indulge in solitude, and in vague thoughts and dreamy regrets of the times of old. Impatient under the conventionalisms of life, even before he had experienced them; early sated with books; balancing perpetually between recognised opinions and the rough-hewn product of his own reflections; impetuous in disposition, he indulged in deep draughts of that contemplative melancholy, the phantom of real sorrow, which anticipating the stern lessons of experience, is alike the first sign of a poetic imagination, and the first pang of the anguish of which it is the prolific parent. Such is the quality which eminently distinguishes M. Chateaubriand, which pervades every action and every word, and which alone can explain and present, in their true light, the many gyrations of his career.

His first studies were directed with a view to the ecclesiastical profession, in accordance not only with motives of family convenience, but also by the express desire of his father, he being the second son. This determination seems to have been a source of considerable unhappiness to him, though it was never carried into effect, for M. de Chateaubriand made his first appearance on the stage of the world bearing the sword instead of the censer. About the year 1787 he came to Paris, and avail-

ing himself of his privilege to mingle with the court of Louis XVI., attracted particular attention from Malesherbes, with whom he was connected by family ties. But the revolution was at hand; and Chateaubriand, too young to foresee political catastrophes, and hence the more likely to be deeply impressed by them, was wholly absorbed by the grand spectacle of American emancipation which had just been achieved. The court of France, intoxicated with its share of a triumph in which it had co-operated without understanding the principles involved, merely ministering to its own vanity by its ill-considered deportment towards the country in which this triumph had been gained, converted the honor it had acquired into an instrument of suicide. A witness to this infatuation, which at the time was all the fashion, Chateaubriand shared in it to the fullest extent; and the thought occurred to him to cross the Atlantic, and be an eye-witness of the new condition of things. His resolution was soon definitively taken; and Malesherbes, to whom he explained his design under the shape of a geographical exploration which would be decidedly beneficial to France, gave a hearty approval, and procured the sanction of the government. The proposed course of travel was to examine deliberately and carefully the whole of the northern continent of America, from the eastern borders of Upper Louisiana to Cape Mendocino. It was in 1790 that Chateaubriand first set foot on the soil of the New World; and his writings display the deep impression which this event had upon his poetical temperament. In the course of his travels, as opportunity served, he made the first sketch of his long poem, a romance of the Natchez, of which the brilliant pastoral of Atala was originally an episode. For two years Chateaubriand steadily persevered in the execution of his plan, till the echoes of the first French revolution, resounding through Europe, and assuming day by day more distinctness and intensity, caused him at once to retrace his steps, and he returned to France in the summer of 1792. He soon afterwards joined the emigrant noblesse; and having in the meantime married Mlle. de la Vigne-Buisson, he distinguished himself at the siege of Thionville in September, 1792, and was severely wounded by the explosion of a shell. But his bodily sufferings were not the only trials he was subjected to; party intrigue and malice seem to have been too much for him, and he took refuge in England. There, alone, unknown, face to face with the revolutionary volcano, whose fervent atmosphere he unwittingly breathed, his ideas warmed with all its fluctuations, and ransacking the whole field of history for topics of comparison and elucidation, he set himself to work to reconcile the social and political views which he possessed by inheritance with the unfettered impulses of a generous and powerful imagination. Such must have been the frame of mind in which Chateaubriand wrote his first political work, his celebrated "Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered in their relations to the French Revolution," published in London in 1797; a work destitute of moral unity, displaying much talent but no grasp of its subject, and at the same time showing traces of that peculiar bent of mind which at a later day became the author's distinctive characteristic as a political writer, and which has led him to labor for the fusion of the old monarchical doctrines and the divine right with the innate sentiments of human nature; the principles of political liberty, and the special necessities of the age in which we live.

Even so early as the publication of this Essay,

the scheme of his great work was already projected; and in intimate confidence with M. Fontanes, the eminent historian, with whom he had become acquainted in 1789, large portions of the *Genius of Christianity* were rapidly completed, and the work was passing through the London Press, when in a sudden fit of mistrust and despondency of success, he hastily cancelled the impression, and commenced a revision of the whole. After the 18th Brumaire, 1800, he returned to Paris with M. de Fontanes, who was of much service in the new state of society in procuring those introductions which are indispensable to any one who wishes to produce an immediate sensation by his writings. Chateaubriand (having some time previously been deprived of his patrimony by the revolution) immediately undertook the editorship of the *Mercure*, and in 1801, the *Atala* made its first appearance in its columns. The favorable manner in which it was received, encouraged the author to further efforts; and taking up the unfinished manuscript of the *Genius of Christianity*, he set to work with enthusiasm and energy, though not without occasional misgivings as his work approached to completion. It was, at length, published in 1802, when it created a great sensation, and gave rise to much discussion in literary circles. This circumstance brought him under the notice of Napoleon, who gave him the post of secretary to Cardinal Fesch, then ambassador at Rome. This situation appears to have been little to his liking, and in a short time he returned to Paris. In 1804, he was named Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic in the Valais. On the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, in the following year, Chateaubriand immediately resigned, in disgust, and henceforward, notwithstanding the many attempts on the part of Bonaparte to effect a reconciliation, the estrangement between them was permanent. In July, 1806, he made a journey through Italy and Greece to Palestine; visiting also the North of Africa and Spain. On his return he resumed his contributions to the *Mercury*, his share in which constituted his only source of income; but some articles written by him on the affairs of Spain having given offence to Napoleon, the paper was confiscated, and Chateaubriand found himself penniless. But he had boundless resources in his talents, and in the social position which he had already attained. The publication of his poem entitled "*The Martyrs*," soon relieved his pecuniary necessities. It was about this time that his cousin, bearing the same name with himself, was arrested for carrying communications from the royal family, condemned, and executed.

In 1811, appeared his "*Journey from Paris to Jerusalem*," portions of which had already been published in the *Mercury*. In the same year he was decreed the honors of the Institute; but the discourse which he prepared on the occasion having, according to the usual practice, been submitted for examination to a committee of five members, it was found to contain so many reflections upon the Government, that it was declared inadmissible; and arguments, threats, and entreaties, all failing to induce him to modify it, his chair at the Institute remained vacant. During the remainder of Napoleon's career, he kept aloof from every public proceeding; and little is heard of him till the restoration in 1814, in which year he was appointed by the king, ambassador-extraordinary to the Swedish court. He was so dilatory in entering upon his office, that March, 1815, found him still in France; and

the return of Napoleon drove monarch, ambassador, and court, to seek refuge at Ghent. Here, Chateaubriand found himself included among the cabinet ministers, and he seems henceforward to have no longer looked upon literature as a means of support. It was in his quality as cabinet minister, that he drew up his "Report to the King on the internal condition of France,"—a production displaying less official aptitude than eloquence. After the battle of Waterloo he resigned his provisional office; but he had performed too conspicuous a part in the second restoration to be forgotten in the distribution of the rewards. Appointed minister of state in July, 1815, and raised to the peerage in the following August, he assumed by the king's order the presidency of the electoral college of Loiret, where he pronounced a discourse in which all the emotions that had so recently agitated him allowed little room for the tolerant spirit, that with him was equally the impulse of instinct and the result of reflection; and in which he seems almost inclined to merge the rights of man in the rights of majesty.

At the sitting of the 12th of October, he was chosen one of the secretaries of the chamber of peers, and on the 22d of December, he made his maiden speech on the subject of the permanent tenure of office by the judges, and from that hour his voice acquired the same influence in the tribune, that his style already possessed in the salons. He appears to have become immersed for a time in political projects and theories of government, indulging in abstract views and speculations, some of which found vent in his well-known work entitled, "*Monarchy according to the Charter*." This book was in press when the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved by the ordinance of September 5. Chateaubriand, who appears at the time to have inclined towards the opposition, added a postscript containing a free expression of his contempt at this proceeding. Three days after the publication, a royal ordinance was issued, striking his name off the roll of ministers of state. He was, however, countenanced in his opinions by many men of rank and station, and he continued to observe the same line of policy; and the three years from 1817 to 1820 were devoted to the conduct of an active paper war by means of pamphlets and newspapers, and to the debates in the Chamber of Peers, daily adding to his reputation both as an author and an orator.

In 1820, however, the portfolio of foreign affairs was intrusted to M. de Montmorency, and the illustrious author, laying aside his pen, shared with his party in the honors which it had contributed to earn. In the following year, he was sent ambassador to Great Britain; was afterwards present at the congress of Verona; and soon after his return to Paris, in 1822, on the resignation of M. de Montmorency, he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Villèle being president of the council. This ill-assorted union of two men—the one distinguished by inflexible integrity, generous principles, and enlarged views of the administration of affairs, the other a mere man of routine and finesse,—lasted for two years; when Chateaubriand was deprived of his portfolio for withholding his support from some financial schemes of the minister.

He now retired into private life, and taking up his pen, renewed his political essays and pamphlets, maintaining an incessant fire upon the ministry, and boldly advocating the rights of France and the defence of its liberties. But here our source of information fails

us, leaving the history of the last twenty years of his life an entire blank. His name had become so associated with the memory of bygone men and things, that we had almost ceased to recognise him as a contemporary; till in these stirring times of 1848, when every mail brings us fearful accounts of domestic strife and social disorganization, when the rights of man are everywhere gaining the ascendant over the rights of kings, a short newspaper paragraph gives the painful intelligence of the death of him whose best sympathies were always enlisted in the welfare of his race. He died July 4, 1848. It is understood that he had occupied himself with the preparation of a Memoir of his life, which will doubtless shortly be given to the world.

We have left ourselves no room for an analysis of his character; but that would require an article of itself, and we must defer it to a more favorable opportunity, which, doubtless, the publishers will not be long in affording us. For the present the above sketch of his career must suffice. We subjoin a list of his more important works:

*Essays Historical, Political, and Moral, on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered in their relation with the present French Revolution, 1797; Atala, or the Loves of two Savages in the Desert, 1801; René, or the Consequences of the Passions (a continuation of Atala), 1802; Genius of Christianity, or Beauties of the Christian Religion, 1802; The Martyrs, or the Triumph of the Christian Religion, 1809; Journey from Paris to Jerusalem, 1811; Bonaparte and the Bourbons, and the necessity of supporting our Legitimate Princes for the happiness of France and Europe, 1814; Political Reflections upon some Publications of the day, and upon the Interests of the French, 1814; Report on the State of France, 1815; On Monarchy, according to the Charter, 1816. From this till 1820, he published nothing but pamphlets of merely temporary interest, except an abridged edition of the *Genius of Christianity*, in 1818. In 1820, we find *Memoirs, Letters, and Authentic Documents, relating to the Life and Death of S. A. R. Charles-Ferdinand d'Artois, duc de Berri*; followed in succeeding years by a variety of political pamphlets and letters, many of which ran through several editions; his *Note upon Greece* appeared in 1825; his *Discourse at the French Academy*, in 1826, being an Introduction to the *History of France*. He wrote many articles, also, for the "*Mercure*" and "*Conservateur*." In 1827, he published a complete edition of his works, in 27 vols. 8vo., which, besides all those above enumerated, contained the following: *Adventures of the Last Abencerrages; The Natchez; Travels in Spain and Italy, &c.; a Tragedy, entitled "Moïse;"* and, four Discourses, designed for an introduction to the history of France, in which he had long been engaged. Chateaubriand's principal works have been translated into most of the European languages.*

### Extracts from New Books.

[ "*Principles of Zoology*;" just published by Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Boston ]

It is a law of nature that animals as well as plants are preceded only by individuals of the same species; and *vice versa*, that none of them can produce a species different from themselves. Reproduction in animals is almost universally accomplished by the association of individuals of two kinds, *males* and *females*, living commonly in pairs or flocks, and each of them characterized by peculiarities of structure and external appearance.

As this distinction prevails throughout the animal kingdom, it is always necessary for obtaining a correct and complete idea of a



species, to bear in mind the peculiarities of both sexes. Every one is familiar with the differences between the cock and the hen, the lion and the lioness. Among Articulata, the differences are no less striking, the male being often of a different shape or color, as in crabs; or having even more complete organs, as in many tribes of insects, where the males have wings, while the females are deprived of them.

Even higher than specific distinctions are based upon peculiarities of the sexes; for example, the whole class of Mammalia is characterized by the fact that the female is furnished with organs for nourishing her young with a peculiar liquid, the milk, secreted by herself. Again, the order Marsupialia, to which the opossum belongs, is distinguished by the circumstances of the female having a pouch in which the young are received after birth.

That all animals are produced from eggs (*Omne vivum ex ovo*) is an old age in Zoology, which modern researches have fully confirmed. In tracing back the phases of animal life, we invariably arrive at an epoch when the incipient animal is enclosed within an egg. It is then called an *embryo*, and the period passed in this condition is called the *embryonic period*.

Before the various classes of the animal kingdom had been attentively compared during the embryonic period, all animals were divided into two great divisions: the *oviparous*, comprising those which lay eggs, such as birds, reptiles, insects, mollusks, &c., and the *viviparous*, which bring forth their young alive, namely, the mammalia. This distinction lost much of its importance when it was shown that viviparous animals are produced from eggs, as well as the oviparous; only that their eggs, instead of being laid before the development of the embryo begins, undergo their early changes in the body of the mother. Production from eggs should therefore be considered as a universal characteristic of the Animal Kingdom.

The formation and development of the young animal within the egg is a most mysterious phenomenon. From a hen's egg, for example, surrounded by a shell and composed, as we have seen, of the albumen and the yolk, with a little vesicle in the middle, there is produced, at the end of a certain time, a living animal, composed in part of totally different elements; endowed with organs perfectly adapted to the exercise of all the functions of animal and vegetative life, having a pulsating heart, intestines fitted for digestion, organs of sense for the reception of outward impressions, and having, moreover, the faculty of performing voluntary motions, and of experiencing pain and pleasure. To learn how this takes place is certainly sufficient to excite the curiosity of every intelligent man.

By opening eggs which have been subjected to incubation for different periods of time, we may easily satisfy ourselves that these changes are effected gradually. We thus find that those which have undergone but a short incubation exhibit only faint indications of the future animal; while those which have been sat upon for a longer period include an embryo chicken proportionally more developed. Modern researches have taught us that these gradual changes, although complicated, and at first sight so mysterious, follow laws which are uniformly the same in each department of the Animal Kingdom.

The study of these changes constitutes that peculiar branch of Physiology called *EMBRYOLOGY*; and as there are distinctions of the four great departments of the Animal Kingdom

perceptible at an early stage of embryonic life, quite as positive as those found at maturity; as also, the phases of embryonic development indicate still other grounds for natural classification, we propose to give the outlines of Embryology, so far as it is concerned in zoological arrangement.

In order to understand the successive steps of embryonic development, we must bear in mind that the whole animal body is composed of tissues, whose elements are cells. These cells are much diversified in the full grown animal; but, at the commencement of embryonic life, the whole embryo is composed of minute cells of nearly the same form and consistence. These cells originate within the yolk, and constantly undergo new changes under the influence of life. New cells are formed, while others disappear, or are modified so as to become blood, bones, muscles, nerves, &c.

We may form some idea of this singular process, by noticing how, in the healing of a wound, new substance and a new skin is supplied by the transformations of the blood. Similar changes take place in the embryo, during its early life; only, instead of being limited to a part of the body, they pervade the whole animal.

The series of changes commences, in most animals, soon after the eggs are laid; in others, the birds for example, they are delayed till the commencement of incubation. The yolk, which before was a mass of uniform appearance, now begins to present a diversified aspect. Some portions become more opaque, and others more transparent; and the germinal vesicle, which was in the midst of the yolk, is seen at the upper part of it, where the germ is to be formed. These early changes are accompanied, in some animals, by a rotation of the yolk inside of the egg, as may be distinctly seen in the eggs of some of the mollusks, especially of the snails.

At the same time the yolk divides itself into two spheres, which are again regularly subdivided into two more, and so on, till the whole yolk assumes the form of a mulberry, each of the spheres composing the mulberry having in its interior a transparent vesicle. In many animals, however, these divisions or fissures are only temporary, and seem to be merely a peculiar mode of transformation common to all invertebrate animals, and also to fishes, naked reptiles, and mammals, but not yet observed in birds and the higher reptiles.

In the next place, there appears upon the yolk of the Vertebrates a disc-shaped protuberance, composed of little cells, which has been variously designated under the names of *germinative disc*, *proligerous disc*, *blastoderm*, *germinal membrane*, or simply the *germ*. This disc gradually extends itself, until it embraces the whole, or nearly the whole, of the yolk.

At this early epoch, namely, a few days, and in some animals, a few hours after development has begun, the germ consists of a single layer composed of very minute cells, all of them having the same appearance and the same form. But soon after, as the germ increases in thickness, several layers may be discerned, which become more and more distinct.

The upper layer, in which are subsequently formed the organs of animal life, namely, the nervous system, the muscles, the skeleton, &c., has received the name of *serous* or *nervous layer*. The lower layer, which gives origin to the organs of vegetative life, and especially to the intestines, is called the *mucous* or

*vegetative layer*, and is generally composed of larger cells than those of the upper or serous layer. Finally, in the embryos of vertebrate animals, there is a third layer, interposed between the two others, and giving rise to the organs of circulation and to the blood; whence it has been called *blood layer*, or *vascular layer*.

Even before this epoch, we can generally distinguish, from the manner in which the germ is modified, to what department of the animal kingdom the individual is to belong. Thus in the Articulata, the germ is divided into segments, indicating the rings of the body, as for example, in the embryo of the crabs. The germ of the vertebrate animals, on the other hand, displays a longitudinal furrow, which marks the position the future back-bone is to occupy.

The development of this furrow is highly important in indicating the plan of structure of vertebrate animals in general. At first the furrow is very shallow, and a little transparent narrow band appears under it, called the *primitive stripe*. The walls of the furrow consist of two raised edges formed by a swelling of the germ along both sides of the primitive stripe. Gradually, these walls grow higher, and we perceive that their summits have a tendency to approach each other; at least they meet and unite completely, so that the furrow is now changed into a closed canal. This canal is soon filled with a peculiar liquid from which the spinal marrow and brain are to be formed.

The primitive stripe is gradually obliterated by a peculiar organ of a cartilaginous nature, the *dorsal cord*, formed in the lower wall of the dorsal canal. This is found in the embryos of all vertebrates, and is the representative of the back-bone. In the meantime, the margin of the germ gradually extends further and further over the yolk, so as finally to enclose it entirely, and form another cavity in which the organs of vegetative life are to be developed. Thus the embryo of vertebrates has two cavities, namely, a superior, very small one, for the nervous system, and an inferior, much larger one, for the intestines.

In all classes of the Animal Kingdom, the embryo rests upon the yolk, and covers it like a cap. But the direction by which its edges approach each other, and unite to form the cavity of the body, is very unlike in different animals; and these several modes are of high importance in classification. Among the Vertebrates, the embryo lies with its face or ventral surface towards the yolk, and thus the suture, or line at which the edges of the germ unite to enclose the yolk, and which in the mammals forms the navel, is found at the belly. Another suture is found along the back, arising from the actual folding upwards of the upper surface of the germ, to form the dorsal cavity.

The embryo in the Articulata, on the contrary, lies with its back upon the yolk; consequently the yolk enters the body from the opposite direction; and the suture, which in the vertebrates is found on the belly, is here found on the back. In the Mollusks there is this peculiarity, that the whole yolk is changed into the substance of the embryo; whilst in Vertebrates, a part of it is reserved, till a later period, to be used as food by the embryo. Among Radiata the germ is formed around the yolk, and seems to surround the whole of it, from the first.

[From "Mirabeau, a Life-History," just issued by Lea & Blanchard.]

THE extract from this interesting work, which we published in No. 76 of the Literary World, closed with describing the re-union of the lovers at Verrières after a series of separations and hardships. We now resume at the point where we broke off, merely omitting a page or so which is not necessary to that part of a Life-History which has most charms for the general reader—we mean its domestic history:—

The work produced by Mirabeau in the short space which elapsed between his first employment in December (1776), to his arrest in May (1777), sufficiently demonstrates his unflagging industry. His first work was a pamphlet of twelve octavo pages, entitled, "Advice to the Hessians sold by their Prince to England." Frederick II., landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, had promised the British government a subsidy of 6000 men to aid in subjugating the refractory Americans, then fighting for their rights; and this "Advice" consisted of a fiery denunciation of this banding together of the strong ones of the earth, to work not good but evil. It attained to the widest celebrity at the time, being circulated in no less than five languages. The first volume of a History of Travels followed this, and a pamphlet on Music. He also translated the first volume of a History of England, by Mrs. Macaulay, the celebrated republican, to whom Dr. Johnson entertained such an antipathy; and a considerable portion of the Life of Philip II. (of Spain), by Watson. Added to all which, he, being a free-mason, entered warmly into the affairs of that singular secret-preserving society, and concocted a design for a kind of branch association, which was in the end to lop away a few excrescences which Mirabeau conceived to have grown upon freemasonry: this plan was embodied by him in a series of propositions found among his papers; but of which it is impossible to say whether they ever saw the light at all in Holland. He also contrived to obtain the friendship of all the neighboring literati, as well as of many influential and respectable citizens.

[1777.] This period must have been the most really happy—perhaps the only happy one—in all Mirabeau's strange life; for occupation begets content: and though to rise at six and bend over a desk till nine be wearisome and hard, it is immeasurably superior, consider it how you will, to rising at twelve and retiring at three in the morning, conscious of having done no one real act of worth. Of their life at this time he himself paints a sweet picture.

"Study occupied nearly all my time, and a man who was double my age might have been less sedentary—this thy love remembers. I had at times involuntary outbursts of vivacity and impatience, which thou might'st have taken for ill-humor; but one of thy kisses ever restored serenity to my countenance and peace to my spirit. . . . An hour of music delighted me; and my adorable companion, though nourished and bred in opulence, was never so gay, so courageous, so attentive, so affable, so tender, as in poverty: her unexchangeable warm-heartedness displayed itself to its utmost extent. We did not appear like an insensate couple whom a passing madness had driven from their country; and, indeed, we were not such."

And Sophie must not be silent either.

"Thou refusedst my caresses," she says, "for fear that they might make thee forget thy books; but with what rapture didst thou

not return shortly—with what transport did I not hold thee in my arms! How often didst thou not tear thyself from these arms to fly to thy labor, to thy tedious occupations: but nothing was wearisome to thee if it brought comfort to thy Sophie. Ah, dearest! truly thou wert the model of true lovers!"

Truly this is beautiful: a finer picture of united love it might be difficult to draw. If, as we believe, in plodding over the weary mountain of Life to that unknown much-loved Shadow-Land which lies on the further side of the Death-river, flowing through the valley beyond the Life-mountain—if, in travelling over that, there is a time in every man's life when he takes a glimpse of that fair, far country, and has a foretaste of its joys, surely this was that time in the life of Mirabeau. Pomp—a world's admiration—splendor—triumph; these came: but, O! they did not, they could not, fall so sweetly on his heart as those nine months of love and poverty, when he dwelt in exile, a despised and ruined man.

O! das sie ewig grünen bleibe.  
Die schöne Zeit des jungen Liebe.

But such moments as these could not last: nay, when we reflect upon it, however comfortable to Mirabeau, it was not advisable for the world, that they should last. Had they done so, he might have lived some twenty years as a Bookseller's drudge, or perhaps by his transcendent abilities raised himself to a wealthy bookseller and burgess; and then, when the marquis departed, have returned unto his own territories and titles, a gouty, choleric man, with a large family of questionables. But, as we said, at his birth REVOLUTION was coming into the world, like a terrible Bucephalus, whom no man could or dare mount, save this Alexander of a Mirabeau, who dare mount and could manage; and it was necessary, to the proper management of this wild world-charger, that the rider himself should understand, from stern practical persecution, *why* and how that Bucephalus was so untamable—so dreadful.

Owing to Mirabeau's confession of being author of the Essay on Despotism, well known as his in France, the secret of his retreat became divulged to all men. M. Monnier sent offers, begging of his wife to return, promising to forget and forgive everything; and even offered money to the fugitives. Sophie, sensible that she was an insuperable bar to her real husband's prosperity, though she refused to accede to this proposal of her husband by law, expressed, in a letter to the Marchioness of Mirabeau, her willingness to retire into a convent in Limousin, near the residence of the marchioness. Although urged by his mother to consent to this, Mirabeau was far too generous to submit to any such thing; and so M. Monnier, irritated at Sophie's refusal, commenced formal proceedings against his wife and Mirabeau, to regain his settlements and her dowry. The result of which proceedings was, that on the 10th of May, the tribunal of the Bailliwick of Pontarlier formally decreed Mirabeau "guilty of abduction and seduction;" condemned him to be beheaded in effigy; to pay a fine of five livres to the king, and forty thousand livres to the Marquis of Monnier; while Sophie, guilty chiefly of being abducted and seduced, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Besançon House of Correction; to be there shaved and punished like the females of the place, and to forfeit all her rights and privileges of every kind: her marriage portion going to M. Monnier. At which judicial froth,

Mirabeau, secure in Amsterdam, could very well afford to laugh: the effigy decapitation would not harm him: and as for the forty thousand livres, seeing that he had neither money nor chattels, they had best distract for that.

But, unfortunately, hotter enemies than the Bailliwick of Pontarlier were at work. The de Ruffeys were determined to recover their daughter; and the Marquis of Mirabeau, being more embittered than ever against his son, on account of his conduct and his alliance with the marchioness, readily joined measures with them. Inspector Brugnieres, who had dogged his steps before, soon scented out the exact residence of their prey; and the marquis's influence prevailed upon the Count of Vergennes to issue orders for their arrest, *whether alive or dead*: with which Brugnieres was dispatched to Amsterdam; having, moreover, a letter to the Duke of Lavanguyon, the French ambassador, urging him to procure from the States a permission to arrest. This permission was easily obtained, but not without news of the application getting abroad. The French Consul called on Mirabeau, and offered him money and a passport, would he but give up Sophie to her fate: but he would not hear of it. He did, however, take measures to escape; and, hearing that their arrest was fixed for the 15th of May, on the 14th they decided upon disappearing from Amsterdam. This flight was doubly difficult and dangerous, as Sophie was then pregnant. In the evening, however, fearful of being seen together, Mirabeau left the house, and a friend was to have conducted Sophie by another road to an appointed rendezvous. Scarcely had he turned out of the Kalbestrand, ere tidings reached him that she had been arrested at the very moment of leaving the house. In an agony of grief he flew back and found it too true—found Sophie about to apply poison to her lips, in the wild madness of her boundless anguish. Appealing to her love to him—to her duty to their unborn child, Mirabeau, by the aid of his captor Brugnieres, contrived to extort from her a promise that she would do no such rash action: with the reservation, however, that, did she not hear from him in a certain time, DEATH should end all love and suffering for ever. And so these two unfortunate lovers parted, never to meet again for several years; and then in a state of quarrel, love being ended between them.

St. Pélagie, a house for common prostitutes, had been selected for Sophie by her kind friends: but Brugnieres, who, after having hunted them down, was excessively kind and good-natured, wrote to M. Lenoir, the head of the police at Paris, to change this infernal order. As his remonstrances were also backed by the ambassador, it was changed to a kind of genteel house of correction for erratic ladies, kept by Mademoiselle Douay, in the Rue de Charonne at Paris; in which establishment she was entered under the assumed name of Madame de Courvière.

As for Mirabeau, his destination was soon apparent; on the 7th of June he entered into Vincennes: not into the fortress merely, but into what is termed the Donjon of Vincennes, in opposition to the castle; and commenced his longest, most rigorous, and fortunately the last of all his forced imprisonments.

Prince Albert has contributed £25 towards the erection of a monument to Mrs. Siddons, in Westminster Abbey.—*Manch. Ex.*



## Poetry.

## LINES WRITTEN IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

"Ralph hurried ashore as soon as he was discharged from the whale-ship, little dreaming of the changes which had taken place during his five years' service in the Pacific. Of Blanche he could learn nothing save a rumor of her marriage soon after he sailed, her wild widowhood, and of her decease and burial none could tell when or where, for her family and friends had long since removed to the Far West."—*Eastern paper.*

No register within the church,  
Notes when her spirit fled,  
No stone nor turf mound without  
Mark where she's buried.  
Yet every grave I gaze upon,  
Tells me my Blanche is dead.

Oh had I known that hour of Fate  
When first she passed away,  
My heart perchance had met the stroke  
That withers day by day.  
At thought my breathing love for years  
Was twined around decay.

Long dead, and laid away from me,  
With no recorded spot  
Where Love may o'er love's lost one weep,  
But yet all unforget!  
The earth seems one vast grave to me,  
Where still my dead is not!

July 15, '48.

OMEGA.

## Glimpses of Books.

## EPISCOPAL GOOD NATURE.

SPEAKING of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of Episcopal "good nature." A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century, been desirous to qualify himself, by taking orders for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his Lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theological knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? "Oh, very well indeed," replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. "The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions." "But what did he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."—*Daunt's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

## LIMERICK GRAND JURORS.

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gentry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the temperance reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guilla-more) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jurors were not the pleasantest folk in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned. "Dan," said he, "you were quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded; and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to the peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure

it does not incommode me! for if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, lest the worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat on, and took myself off."—*Daunt's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

## A CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE.

THE path pursued was narrow and ran about in irregular curves, and the boughs of the lofty trees in some places actually interlaced above our heads, forming a leafy canopy. It seemed as though we were plunging into an interminable forest, when suddenly, and at a burst, a lovely village broke on our ravished sight. It rose so suddenly before me, that I could scarcely believe but what it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter. Its site was rough, craggy, and irregular, and the small neat cottages, with their rustic verandas covered with parasites in full blossom, were scattered about in an as irregular manner as the site. Some were perched on the crags, some at the base of those crags, some in the recesses of the small bays formed by a limpid stream of water which ran meandering through the glade. Each cottage was detached and stood alone in its neatly kept garden, enamelled with flowers, and the remainder of this pastoral valley was divided into small paddocks, profusely stocked with sheep and cattle. On announcing our arrival by a discharge of fire-arms, the villagers rushed from their fields and houses and gave us a warm reception. Cara, Nazeeq, and myself, were ushered into the guest chamber of the principal proprietor in the village. Milk, mutton, and game, prepared in various ways, and served up in wooden vessels richly decorated with silver, were in successive courses set before us, and these welcome and palatable viands were abundantly liquified by a species of beer with which they absolutely inundated us. A divan ran round the room in which we dined, and the walls were covered with swords, pistols, and javelins. A divan also was placed in the verandas to which we repaired after our truly pastoral repast. Here we beheld a truly Arcadian sight. The verdant green in the front of us was overspread with the stalwart villagers engaged in all kinds of rural sports and pastimes. Care was thrown to the winds, and all gave themselves up to mirth and jollity.—*Wickenden's Adventures in Circassia.*

## Miscellany.

## SONG.

Love me—not with Fancy!  
Love me—not in fear!  
But love as if life doubled  
In thee when I was near.

As if thou knowest I bring thee  
All—all that heart can bring;  
As if thou tremblest at only,  
With doubt that heart to wring.

Meet me—only meet me  
With fervor true as mine!  
Unchanged—unchanging meet me,  
As I am changeless thine.

While we,—like birds wind-driven  
Apart o'er ocean's breast,  
Grow strong, our flights when crossing,  
At thought of one dear nest.

We take the following extracts from "Anecdotes and Letters of Zachary Taylor," just published by D. Appleton and Co.

## YANKEE GIRLS AND YANKEE DOODLE.

When General Worth's command was approaching Saltillo, and was about three miles

distant from the city, four young women, habited in American dress, were seen standing by the road-side. Curiosity ran high to know who they were, and they received many a gallant salute as the troops passed them. At last an officer rode up to see who they were. They informed him that they were from New Jersey, and engaged in superintending the female operatives in a cotton and woollen factory hard by, and expressed, in the course of their conversation, a desire to hear again the old national air of "Yankee Doodle."

## A PLACE FOR HEADQUARTERS.

After the capitulation of Monterey, the officers of the army used their exertions to get General Taylor to move from his camp at St. Domingo to the Plaza, and there establish his headquarters. Several public buildings were examined and decided upon as suitable. After considerable persuasion, General Taylor consented to move, at the same time giving the following instructions: "Choose a pleasant location—a house that is surrounded by a garden filled with large trees; put up a tent under the trees for my residence, and you (the staff and other officers) may have the house in front." It is needless to add, that no more was said about the headquarters being removed into the city of Monterey.

## A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE.

There are precedents for fighting clergymen,—some distinguished themselves in the Revolution for their spirit and love of liberty. We have an excellent specimen of the character now on the Rio Grande. The Rev. Captain R. A. Stewart, of Louisiana, commands as fine a body of volunteers as were ever mustered,—he is strict in his discipline, yet sociable in his habits,—he has gone into the field with all the enthusiasm of a patriot, and all the high duty of a Christian clergyman.

Sunday, June 1st, will be a time memorable, from the fact the soldier captain preached in Mexico. Throwing aside the military, he addressed his brothers in arms as men responsible to a Supreme Being for their actions; and his appeals were listened to with the deepest interest, and the eyes of many sunburnt veterans, recently distinguished on the field of battle, were filled with tears, and their bosoms heaved with emotions more powerful than had ever been called out by the brisk cannonade of the enemy.

The reverend captain took for his text: *If ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt,*

*Then I will cause you to dwell together in this place, in the land I gave to your fathers for ever and ever.* Jer. vii. 6, 7.

The comments and illustrations were apposite in the extreme, and suggested by the scenes around the speaker. He dwelt upon the incidents of the preceding month, and of the beautiful spectacle shown to the world by a conquering army extending over a country its laws,—which were more benign, more liberal, more protecting, than those displaced by the fortunes of war. This, said the speaker, warming with his subject, is carrying out the spirit of the text,—this "is not oppressing the stranger, or the fatherless, or the widow, or shedding innocent blood." Such a peaceful conquest, he continued, worthily rivals the gallant

feats of arms that shone forth on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma,—such a peaceful contest went beyond the effect of arms—it not only conquered the body, but carried willingly captive the mind. It was calculated to shed light over the dark borders of Tamaulipas,—to make its inhabitants embrace the blessings of freedom,—to open their eyes to the degradations of their own government, that enslaves alike their bodies and their minds. The soldier-preacher then passed on to the second part of his text,—“*Then I will cause you to dwell in this place, in the land I gave to your fathers, for ever and ever.*” It would be impossible for us to give the slightest idea of the conclusion of this remarkable discourse. The reverend speaker showed most plainly and beautifully, that it was the order of Providence that the Anglo-Saxon race was not only to take possession of the whole North American continent, but to influence and modify the character of the world,—that such was meant by “*the land I gave your fathers for ever and ever.*” He stated that the American people were children of destiny, and were the passive instruments in the hands of an overruling power, to carry out its great designs; and beautifully illustrated this position by a rapid glance at the history of our nation in times past and the present. He concluded by hoping that hostilities with Mexico would cease,—that wiser counsels would govern at her capital, and that peace would again extend its wings over her distracted land; and with a truly eloquent burst of patriotism upon the Christian duty of every man’s standing by his country, so long as a single foe remained in arms against her, he sat down, amidst deep, silent, powerfully-suppressed feeling.

The Rev. R. A. Stewart is a clergyman of the Methodist Church, and a Planter of Louisiana.

#### A SOLDIER’S LAST LETTER.

The following beautiful extract is from a letter written on the eve of the battle of Buena Vista, by Lieutenant Fletcher of the Illinois volunteers, who fell on the next day in the fight:

“*Dear Colonel*—To-morrow we expect to have an engagement with a superior Mexican force; and, on the eve of the affair, I have believed it proper to address you a few lines. As you are well aware, the object nearest my heart is the welfare of my *little child*; and as far as I have been able I have provided for her.

“Should I *fall*, I leave her *entirely* with you and *your wife*; but I have written to my brother, requesting him to throw his brotherly protection over her; and if, at any time, you think fit to send her to him, he will receive her as his own child, and protect her as such. Should she remain with you, I wish she should receive as good an *education* as the little means left her will afford; and above all things, teach her that *truth* and *virtue* are to woman what the soul is to the body—the life of its life. *Teach* that to be *just* to all—in thought—in word—in deed, is the true, the great aim of a good mind; and those who strive to accomplish that purpose, seldom fail to live at peace with the world, and accomplish the ‘great destiny’ for which they are created.”

#### GENERAL TAYLOR’S INDOMITABLE WILL.

The steamboats purchased for transports upon the Rio Grande being small summer-craft, performed poorly against the strong

current of that river, swollen to a torrent by the melting of the mountain snows. General Taylor was blowing up a quartermaster for not having a supply of tents and munitions at a particular spot; and the latter excused himself by showing that he had pushed them off by the steamboat with the least possible delay. “You see, general,” continued he, “it is the tardiness of the steamboats that is to blame.”—“Then,” quoth the general, “I’ll hang every shiftless son of a gun of their officers, the moment I lay eyes on them.”—“But, general,” said the quartermaster, “it is not the fault of the officers, their steamboats have not sufficient power to breast the current.”—“Then, sir, I’ll hang the steamboats!”

#### SINGULAR INCIDENT.

In the cemetery occupied by our forces during the siege of Vera Cruz, is a neat chapel, with all its ornaments, clothing, etc. Although our men went in and out at pleasure, not an article was displaced by them. The Mexican batteries fired into it, however, and a shot grazed the head of the figure of the Saviour, displacing the crown of thorns, which fell at the feet of the figure.

#### “SHOT YOURSELF, EH?”

At the storming of Monterey, a soldier found himself in a large garden, effectually separated from his comrades. In this predicament, he observed a Mexican crouching in the weeds at some distance from him, and, taking shelter behind the curb of a well, he gave the “yellow skin” a “blurt” from his rifle. Just at that moment, a live Mexican started up from the other side of the well, with a very disagreeable-looking escopette in his hand. Our fellow thought his position very unhealthy, and commenced *retiring* at a rapid pace—the Mexican after him. Throwing his rifle over the wall, he tumbled himself after it: but just as he alighted “all up in a heap” on the other side, he heard the report of a gun, and supposing that his enemy had fired, reloaded his piece hastily, and peered over the top of the wall, expecting to take the Mexican at a disadvantage. To his great surprise, however, he found the fellow stretched out upon the ground—dead! Getting over cautiously, and turning over the body, he addressed it in the following strain—

“Shot yourself, eh? Well, you *are* a sodger, ain’t you? You’re a bigger fool than any two Mexicans ever I saw yet. Shot yourself! if you had waited a smidgeon longer I’d have saved you a load.”

At this moment a hearty laugh startled our hero, and looking round he saw a rough-hewn Texan ranger concealed among the weeds. This told the tale, and relieved the Mexican from the reflections which had been bestowed upon his skill as a “sodger.” The ranger had witnessed the race, and, perhaps, saved the life of the Mississippian.

#### EXTREME COURTESY.

While Major Hunter, of the 11th infantry, at the head of his regiment, was marching up to take his position in line, preparatory to the storming of Chapultepec, Major Sumner, with the 2d dragoons, came round in a run from the opposite side of the hill, expecting to have to charge a field battery or the retreating forces of the enemy. The heads of the two regiments met at a point where both were compelled to halt for a moment. Major Hunter rode up to Major Sumner, extending

his hand and saluting him with—“How do you do, Major Sumner?” who replied, “Really, sir, I do not recollect you.”—“Do not recollect me!”—“No, sir,” replied Major Sumner. When Major Hunter, as it were, straightening himself up in his saddle, remarked, “I was one of your sergeants at Carlisle, sir.” At this, Major Sumner recognised his former sergeant, and, extending his hand, remarked—“Well, really, sir, I am exceedingly happy to meet you, and more particularly at the present time, going into battle with the same rank as myself, and both of us in command of regiments. I wish that good fortune may attend you, and that we may meet hereafter, when we shall be able more fully to renew our former acquaintance.” At this time it became necessary for both commands to move to their different positions, and the two majors separated, wishing each other success and good fortune.

#### FUN AT ALL HAZARDS.

A “correspondent,” writing from Mexico to a friend in the “States,” treats of wounds as follows: “Mr. ———, you will find in the list of ‘wounded slightly.’ I do not think his wound was considered dangerous from the first, as the ball struck ‘him right plumb in his horse’s ear,’ and at the present time he looks to be in as fine health and spirits as I have ever seen him, and as well as a ‘war-worn soldier’ might expect to be. I was so ‘unfortunate’ myself as to be struck right in my horse’s saddle; but the ball was spent and did not go through the saddle-skirt; therefore, as yet, ‘I have not suffered any inconvenience from it.’ I also happened to be caught in bad company at the *garita*, and, with several others, was knocked head-over-heels by the explosion of a shell, but being in a hurry to pick myself up, I trod upon an officer, who pettishly said ‘I had no business there, any how!’ therefore I don’t count that as anything, as I hurt somebody else worse than I was hurt myself; now, having ‘taken a bath, brushed off the smoke and dust of battle,’ and between good liquor, good cigars, and a moderate share of the balance of the good things of this world, ‘am as comfortable as might be expected under the circumstances.’ Having neglected to have my name put down on the list of wounded until after it had been made out, I write that all the world, and ‘my numerous friends in particular,’ might know that ‘I, too, was hurt.’”

#### THE LAST WORDS OF CAPTAIN VINTON.

The following extract of a letter written by the gallant Vinton, a short time before he fell at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, indicates the Christian spirit, and leaves a gracious savor about his memory, grateful to his friends and every lover of his country:

“I have hitherto lived mostly for others—but my children will reap some of the fruits of my self-denial, by the means I shall leave them of living independently, and securing a good education. I commit them in full reliance to their Heavenly Father, and I hope their trust in Him will ever be at least as firm and unceasing as my own. My confidence in the overruling Providence of God is unqualified; so that I go to the field of battle assured that whatever may befall me will be for the best. I feel proud to serve my country in this her time of appeal; and should even the worst—death itself—be my lot, I shall meet it cheerfully in the beautiful Roman sentiment, *Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori.*”



**DEATH OF HENRY ZSCHOKKE.**—The celebrated German writer, Henry Zschokke, died at Aarau, in Switzerland, on the 27th ult. in the 78th year of his age. His name fills no mean page in the annals of German literature and Swiss history. A native of Magdeburg, in Prussia, Zschokke commenced life by joining a company of strolling players, and afterwards studied philosophy and divinity at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. After many years of travels and varied adventures, he devoted himself to the education of youth, and fixed his residence in Switzerland at the close of the last century. His political services to Switzerland were important, and he ever after considered it as his adopted country. For the last forty years he resided in his peaceful retreat at Aarau, whilst his pen almost unceasingly brought forth works of philosophy, history, criticism, and fiction. The mere enumeration of his productions would considerably exceed the limits of this sketch. They belong to the pure school of classic German literature, and his histories of Bavaria and Switzerland remain as noble monuments of talent. His beautiful tales have been translated into almost every language. His chequered life had endowed him with a rare insight into the springs of human actions, and few writers in any age or country have more largely contributed, during the course of a long life, to entertain and improve their fellow-men.—*Manchester Examiner.*

**UNEXAMPLED GENEROSITY.**—Mr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, in the course of a recent lecture in the hall of the London Law Society, recounted the following incident:—"A short time ago," said Mr. Warren, "a gentleman of large fortune, a man, in fact, worth his 40,000*l.*, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her, he disinherited her, he left his whole property, of 40,000*l.*, to his attorney, and to two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. What did the attorney do? He went to his two co-legates, got them to resign their respective claims over to himself, and then made over every sixpence of the 40,000*l.* to the daughter and her children! When I mentioned this circumstance, this very morning, to a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished men at the bar, he exclaimed, 'God bless that man!'" The above gratifying circumstance is literally true.—*Manchester Ex.*

#### POTATOES AND PROPHECY.

UNDER this head a correspondent of the Southern Literary Messenger says:

In Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1819, the following remarkable paragraph may be found, in an article entitled "De Foe on Apparitions." The writer, after speaking of chivalry, when "gentlemen sat down to rest themselves, under about two cwt. of iron," says,

"Neither were there potatoes in those days—and, without that vegetable, say, what were a dinner?"

'A world without a sun.'

From the very bottom of our souls do we pity our ancestors. There is no philosophy in saying, that the universal love of the potatoe, did the potatoe itself create. That love must have pre-existed in the elements of our nature, just as the desire of Eve pre-existed for Adam, and was only called forth into action by that accomplished female. There must, therefore, have been, ever since the ar-

rival of the Saxons in this island, unknown, at least understood, by our forefathers,

'A craving void left aching at their hearts.'

A void which, within these last hundred years, has been filled up, so that little seems now to be wanting, under our free government, to the perfection of our social and domestic happiness. It would be a curious inquiry to show the effects of this vegetable on the moral, intellectual, and physical character of the people of a sister kingdom; and on some future occasion we hope to sift this subject to the bottom. *There can be no doubt, that the sudden extinction of the potatoe in Ireland would be as fine a subject for a poem from the pen of Lord Byron, as the sudden extinction of light, some of the evils of which imaginary event his Lordship has, with his usual vigor, delineated in that composition entitled 'Darkness.'* Not to go too much into particulars, we just remark, that bulls are in Ireland fed chiefly on potatoes, and that those fine animals would be in danger of becoming extinct with the root on which they now grow to such prodigious size."

"The extinction of the potatoe in Ireland!" Alas, could this joking prophet have foreseen the long train of attendant horrors which were destined to follow in sad procession this very event, he might indeed consider it a proper subject for the pen of Lord Byron. The tory magazine is still published, its fame has filled the world—perhaps the writer of the article is himself yet upon the stage. If so, he will surely agree with me that the repulsive and gloomy imagery of "Darkness" presents no exaggerated picture of the condition of Ireland in 1847. Did not a fearful famine spread its disaster on every hand?

"Morn came and went—and came, and brought no food,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for—bread."

Alas, how singularly and fearfully has this casual prediction been verified!

**MEXICAN IDOLS.**—Two antique idols of beautiful workmanship and of an interesting historical remembrance, with their several sacrificial basins, have arrived in New Orleans. They are said to be the first and the most interesting specimens of American antiquities ever brought to the United States, and are intended for a Museum to be founded in the Crescent City, for the purpose of illustrating a series of Lectures upon the Antiquities of our own Continent.

**THE ISTHMUS SURVEYED BY STEPHENS, THE TRAVELLER.**—Mr. John L. Stephens, of N. Y., the distinguished traveller and author, has been recently examining the route across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama. After much labor and fatigue, a route has been marked from Chagres to Panama, making the distance some 10 miles.

DR. T. ROMEYN BECK has resigned his place as Principal of the Albany Academy, to take effect on the 1st of September, at which time he will have completed the term of 31 years in the service of that Institution. Dr. Beck will devote his leisure to the publication of a new edition of his "Elements of Medical Jurisprudence."

"Great preparations," says the *Oxford Chronicle*, "are making for the approaching commemoration. It is said that M. Guizot has been invited and will receive the degree of D.C.L."

#### Recent Publications.

**Principles of Zoology: touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct.** With numerous Illustrations. For the use of Schools and Colleges. Part I. Comparative Physiology. By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 12mo. Pp. 216. 1848.

It is but a short time since Agassiz came among us, but if measured by what he has done to popularize the science of Zoology, to dissipate prevailing errors, and disseminate a knowledge of its principles, it should be reckoned by years instead of months. This volume is the first of a series, and is a most valuable book both to the teacher and pupil for the easy and familiar and at the same time scientific shape in which he, in conjunction with his associate, Mr. Gould, has arranged the most striking facts in Comparative Physiology. As a specimen of his style we have quoted in another portion of our paper from the interesting chapter on Embryology—one, perhaps, the most difficult to elucidate in a popular treatise, though with the aid of the engravings by which it is profusely illustrated in the volume itself, nothing can be clearer or more satisfactory.

We subjoin the brief preface, as giving a good description of the character of the work, and every word of which we cheerfully echo.

"The design of this work is to furnish an epitome of the leading principles of the science of Zoology, as deduced from the present state of knowledge, so illustrated as to be intelligible to the beginning student. No similar treatise now exists in this country, and indeed some of the topics have not been touched upon in the language, unless in a strictly technical form, and in scattered articles. On this account, some of the chapters, like those on Embryology and Metamorphosis, may at first seem too abstruse for scholars in our common schools. This may be the case, until teachers shall have made themselves somewhat familiar with subjects comparatively new to them. But so essential have these subjects now become to a correct interpretation of philosophical zoology, that the study of them will hereafter be indispensable. They furnish a key to many phenomena which have been heretofore locked in mystery.

"Being designed for American students, the illustrations have been drawn, as far as possible, from American objects; some of them are intended merely as ideal outlines, which convey a more definite idea than if accurately drawn from nature; others have been left imperfect, except as to the parts especially in question; a large proportion of them, however, are accurate and original. Popular names have been employed as far as possible; and to the scientific names an English termination has generally been given. Definitions of those least likely to be understood, may be found in the Index.

"The principles of Zoology developed by Professor Agassiz in his published works have been generally adopted in this, and the results of many new researches have been added.

"The authors gratefully acknowledge the aid they have received in preparing the illustrations and working out the details from Mr. E. Desor, for many years an associate of Professor Agassiz, from Count Pourtalès, and E. C. Cabot, Esq., and also from Prof. Asa Gray, by valuable suggestions in the revision of the letter-press.

"The first part is devoted to Comparative Physiology as the basis of Classification; the second to Systematic Zoology, in which the principles of Classification will be applied, and the principal groups of animals will be briefly characterized.

"Should our aim be attained, this work will produce more enlarged ideas of man's relations to Nature, and more exalted conceptions of the plan of Creation and its Great Author."

**The Seven Capital Sins—Pride; or, the Duchess,** by Eugene Sue, is just published by Burgess & Stringer.

*The Power of the Pulpit; or, Thoughts addressed to Christian Ministers and those who hear them.* By Gardiner Spring, D.D. New York: Baker & Scribner. 12mo. pp. 450. 1848.

THE power of the pulpit is one of the most marked characteristics of modern Christianized civilization. Its influence pervades all the relations of society; a reverence is accorded to its monitions irrespective of the mental capacity of him who fills it; it has the prestige of authority, awe, with many almost of infallibility, and he who incautiously ventures to criticise the manner, the language, or the matter of its occupant incurs the risk of an accusation of heresy, or at least finds that he has sorely wounded the Christian feelings of some sensitive friend, whose heart is more accessible than his head. On the present occasion, however, we are in no danger of laying ourselves open to either imputation: for the book having been some weeks before the public, and its doctrines having, we believe, been pretty generally exhibited in the columns of the religious portion of the press, we shall abstain from any discussion of its argument (though we are not quite sure that we should have serious differences on points of any importance with the reverend author), and content ourselves with a brief exhibition of the contents and plan of the work, in which Dr. Spring has displayed no small amount of energy of style, felicity of illustration, and grasp of thought; and has urged his views with a clearness and earnestness, that if any evidence on that point were wanting to those among whom he has lived so long honored and respected, exhibit a thorough appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of his high calling.

The author has endeavored to present his subject in as practical a light as possible, and for this purpose he begins with an exposition and illustration of the fact that the pulpit has power; he then proceeds to detail the constituent elements of the power with which it is invested, the great object of preaching, the necessity of unwearied diligence in the work of the ministry, and of personal piety and prayer; concluding with a comprehensive view of the obligations of the people in their relations to the pastor. These different branches of the subject are arranged under appropriate heads, and the treatment of the whole exhibits the results of much reading and reflection. About five chapters are devoted to the exhibition and enforcement of the great fact on which the whole work is predicated, the remaining nineteen being occupied as indicated above. The several branches of the subject flow naturally into one another; the style of treatment is forcible and perspicuous, observing a happy medium between an undue familiarity and a repulsive austerity. The book is neatly got up, and is embellished with a striking portrait of the author.

*The American Journal of the Medical Sciences for July.* No. xxxi.—New Series. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

THIS comprehensive quarterly must be invaluable to the medical profession not only for the variety of the subjects which it embraces, and the scientific manner in which they are generally treated, but also for its carefully digested summary of improvements and discoveries in the medical sciences, which occupies in the present number sixty pages of small type, and is calculated to be of material service to the practitioner in enabling him to keep pace with the progress of his art.

*Adventures of a Medical Student.* By Robert Douglas, Surgeon Royal Navy. 2 vols. Burgess & Stringer.

SMOLLETT's Roderick Random, which comprises the Memoirs of a Navy Surgeon, has helped him to a more undeniable immortality than has his continuation of Hume's History, and the friends of his countryman, Mr. Douglas, may find more laurels sprout over his early grave from this

lively book than he could ever have won from the regular practice of his profession. Although dying at the early age of four-and-twenty, his literary career already had a certain degree of maturity from the number and popularity of his tales published in the English magazines.

*The Young Schoolmistress.* By Joseph Alden, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 197. 1848.

A STORY of domestic life, in the treatment of which the author appears to less advantage than in his shorter tales, which enforce some pithy maxim, or illustrate some point in social morals.

*The Taylor Anecdote Book—or Anecdotes of the Mexican War.* By Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter. New York: Appleton & Co.

Copious extracts which are given under another head in to-day's paper will show the quality of this light but interesting medley, compiled by a popular hand, which proved itself as clever with the sword as with the pen, in the Mexican campaign.

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